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CRITICAL AND SOCIAL ESSAYS

REPRINTED FROM

THE NEW-YORK NATION, New York



NEW YORK
LEYPOLDT & HOLT
1867

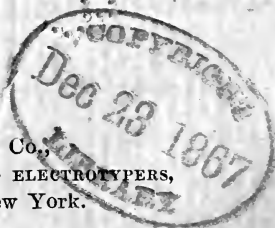
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PRINTERS, STEREOTYPERS, AND ELECTROTYPERS,
50 Greene Street, New York.



CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
I. <i>The Glut in the Fiction Market...</i> December 6, 1866	I
II. <i>Critics and Criticism.....</i> July 6, 1865	11
III. <i>Clergymen's Salaries.....</i> March 22, 1866	19
IV. <i>Popularizing Science.....</i> January 10, 1867	27
V. <i>The Good Old Times.....</i> February 1, 1866	41
VI. <i>Why we have no Saturday Reviews....</i> Nov. 15, 1866	47
VII. <i>Tinkering Hymns.....</i> July 26, 1866	65
VIII. <i>American Ministers Abroad.....</i> February 14, 1867	69
IX. <i>Horse-Racing.....</i> October 11, 1866	79
X. <i>Some of Our Social Philosophers.....</i> June 15, 1866	89
XI. <i>Waste.....</i> March 8, 1866	97
XII. <i>Dress and its Critics.....</i> January 4, 1866	105
XIII. <i>The Social Influence of the National Debt.....</i> July 13, 1865	113
XIV. <i>Hints for Fourth of July Orations... </i> June 28, 1866	119
XV. <i>American Reputations in England....</i> Jan. 18, 1866	127
XVI. <i>The European and American Order of Thought,</i> October 12, 1865	137

	<i>Page</i>
XVII. <i>Roads</i>	<i>June 11, 1866</i> 145
XVIII. <i>Pews</i>	<i>January 25, 1866</i> 155
XIX. <i>A Connecticut Village</i>	<i>August 17, 1865</i> 163
XX. <i>Voyages and Travels</i>	<i>January 3, 1867</i> 177
XXI. <i>Verse-Making</i>	<i>May 1, 1866</i> 185
XXII. <i>Something About Monuments</i>	<i>August 3, 1865</i> 193
XXIII. <i>Our Love of Luxury</i>	<i>April 18-May 2, 1867</i> 205
XXIV. <i>A Plea for Culture</i>	<i>February 21, 1867</i> 215
XXV. <i>Curiosities of Longevity</i>	<i>March 8, 1866</i> 223

THE GLUT IN THE FICTION MARKET.

It is told of Carlyle that once when he was thoroughly fatigued in body and mind by the labor of producing one of his works, and had then been almost thrown into despair because of the sudden and total destruction of his manuscript before a word of it had gone to the press, he shut himself up alone in his room and deliberately read through the complete works of Captain Marryatt. This singular proceeding certainly appears to have in it something of that quality of mind which earned for the sage of Chelsea, from some of the irreverent, the title of "The Incoherent Thomas." He was able, though, to give a sound reason for his seemingly absurd and inconsequent behavior. He wanted, he said, to induce in his mind a perfect vacuity of thought, and could hit upon no other expedient so well adapted to his purpose. Why he should have chosen Captain Marryatt in preference to a hundred or two others it is not easy to see. We may plausibly account for it by supposing that one day in the times when he plied the birch at Ecclefechan school he had occasion to confiscate certain dirty-looking paper-covered books

there undergoing a surreptitious reading, and himself cast a philosophic eye over their contents and marvelled what manner of man this captain in the royal navy could be. We believe he found his experimental course of Phantom Ships and Snarleyow the Dog-Fiend and Smallbones and Lieut. Vanslyperken and Midshipman Easy and the ward-room life on board H.M.S. Calliope all that he expected, and since reads no more novels.

From late information we infer that the British public in general are getting to be of his mind. News comes from the other side of the water that Mudie's and the other great circulating libraries no longer order each new novel by the hundred or the thousand, as has been their practice hitherto. If at first this seems almost incredible, a longer consideration makes it appear extremely probable, and, indeed, almost necessarily true. It is true enough that now for a long time the number of novels issuing from the British press—not of single volumes but of separate works, and not inclusive of reprints but of new books, and not inclusive of translations but exclusively of books of home production—has been on an average about two a week. Suppose this “vicious fecundity” to have lasted for thirty-six years, since 1830, in which year the crop of fictions gathered into the British Museum was one hundred and one works, then in the eighteen hundred and seventy-two weeks since that time there have been printed in Great Britain and Ireland about three thousand seven hundred and forty-four novels, and to this mass of fictitious literature we must add, before the reckoning is

complete, an enormous, an almost incalculable, heap of short stories and tales and sketches for magazines. If, now, it should seem not possible that a people demonstrably so infatuated with novel-reading, a people for whom this vast quantity of novel-writing is done, should ever learn to do without it and dislike it, we must remember that the vast quantity itself which they have already devoured is the best of reasons why their stomachs should at last begin "to loathe this light food."

For how old a story the modern novel has latterly got to be! Of course, there are plenty of reasons why this should be so. "Mankind," according to that Jacobin whom Emerson once met,—"*mankind is a d——d fool*;" and this we are obliged to confess a very just remark. At any rate, it is never very probable, we may say, that the thought which the mass of novelists will be able to offer their readers will be anything particularly new or good; and as to imagination, of what value to anybody would be the imaginations of a fool of the kind above specified? So the great majority of our fellow creatures, it should seem, are disqualified for the production of novels, we do not say enduring, but enduring. And, in point of fact, the creators of characters in each generation of writers may usually be counted on the fingers. Even of creators of character, by no means every one after he has conceived and formed his characters is able so to manage their interrelations, so contrive their action on each other, and join consequence to adequate cause, as to make his creations seem like rational animals. At any given

period, then, the conditions being so severe, there may possibly be living in the world a single consummate artist in this species of writing. Writing in any one language there may perhaps be one or two great novelists and three or four clever ones, and the scores upon scores of others will constitute the herd, and supply us with our Cudjo's Caves or our Miss Gilbert's Careers—that is, with novels without novelty, with simulacra of characters for characters, and guiltless of thought, or guilty of false thinking and false sentiment.

How aged most of the incidents are! It was sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago, when Lucius of Corinth, being on his way to Hypata, in Thessaly, fell in with Aristomenes, the commercial traveller, who beguiled the time by relating his adventures at a certain inn. For years past, and for years to come, many a Mr. Baggs has told, and will tell, his similar tales to the readers of English periodicals. And if there are any more lives of noted highwaymen remaining to be written, we suppose the *Clipper* will show us once again the robbers' cave precisely as Apuleius describes it for us, and as we have since had it in the history of Sixteen-String Jack, of Turpin, of Paul Clifford, of Gil Blas, and, not to name a myriad others, of the Knight of La Mancha. It was fifteen or sixteen centuries ago that Theagenes, happening to go into the temple at Delphos, found there the beautiful Chariclea, and became at once enamored; and what man will undertake to compute the great cloud of heroines—Italians, Spaniards, and French and English, and dwellers in the

isles of the sea—who have captivated the heroes under the same circumstances. We make no doubt that the lives of a pair of lineal descendants of Heliodorus's harassed lovers will be put on record in the January number of "Harper's." Something like this it may be :

"Yes, it was settled that the church should be trimmed for Christmas, and we young people were glad—the rest, because of the merry meetings when the evergreen was gathered ; and I, because my artistic nature craved better food than the bleak, bare walls, and the pine-backed seats of our meeting-house. Ah ! how I longed in those days for glorious Italy and divine Florence, and the crowned Niobe of nations tiaraed with the dome of Angelo ! And though Aunt Eunice and the deacon thought it 'right down popery,' yet I think they were not ill-pleased when the stately Mrs. Havisham, our pale, aristocratic neighbor, who had recently bought the great house, and filled it with such statuary as my eyes hungered to see, drove up in her pony carriage, and insisted that 'Miss Carrie [Chariclea] must at once come up to the church.'" We shall read how Chariclea pleaded that the hospital patients needed her services, and the sewing for the soldiers was unfinished ; but how Mrs. Havisham still insisted and urged that "your deft white hands and your artist sense are absolutely needed," and told her how that smallest sketch—"the weird, wild sky, the pallid green ocean, the shallop, with its one figure, driven upon the close-reefed shore"—had wonderfully impressed the great artist, Merle Danforth, who had emphatically de-

clared that Miss De Lorme's talents were God-given, and should be cultivated ; and how, at last, though her dress was rather scant for the bitter weather, and she knew she should meet Keene Vandyke and Isopel Kavanaugh, and Dr. Effingham and Hal Lenoir, she decided to go ; and how Tracy Havisham (Theagenes), arriving to visit his sister, gazed intently at her with clairvoyant eyes of mystic power ; how, finally, despite Isopel Kavanaugh, and forged letters, and suppressed letters, and a wild purchase of a railroad ticket and a dream-like ride to a city where Merle Danforth might be found, and despite a fever and a declaration of love from Merle, she grew in the art-sense, painted more weird pictures, and, at last, married Tracy Havisham.

The future writer in "Harper's," as well as the past writers in that magazine, who hash up the early romancers for us, sin in a great company ; like mathematicians, as you may say, they "go with numbers to do evil." For, in regard to this particular novel of the Bishop of Tricca's, those learned in these things count among his imitators, or among those who have stolen from him, Achilles Tatius, and half a dozen other great story-tellers—Gomberville, Scuderi, Guarini, D'Urfé, Tasso, Richardson, Hardy, Dorat—and of these each in turn has his imitators. And as we come down the ages and reach the times when novels divide themselves into various particular classes, the case is no better, but worse. The characters are old acquaintances, the combinations have either all been made before, or are not worth making, or both, and the book

gets itself read by virtue of some small thing which differences it from its brethren and sisters, or because its brethren and sisters have gone to undeplorable forgetfulness. Why should a veteran customer of Mudie's read any more of the ordinary novels? He discerns the end from the beginning, and he is familiar with all the stages by the way, in all the novels—the novel of English life and manners; of Scotch or Irish life and manners; of American life and American manners; the novel of military or naval life; the ecclesiastical novel; the muscular Christianity novel; the novel that dissects the hero and reveals the melancholy heart and moody mind of the hero, and puts them together again, and marries him at last, and so solves the problem of the universe; the novel of crime; the detective novel, and all the rest. What a weariness it must, by this time, have become to the veteran to think of going down, by still another express train, to one more country house, where he shall see the same dowagers, the same wit, the same captains in the East India Company or the Queen's service; the same big woman and the same small one, and assist at the regular lunching and cricket and croquet and love-making; and, by-and-by, the man of business comes down, and there is a contested election and the return of Lionel, or there is an elopement and the flight of Lady Agnes; and then to think of returning to town and meeting the old set at the clubs, in both Houses of Parliament, at the ride in the Park where he meets her, at the evening party where he and she dance, in the dining-room whence

the old lord retires to his blue-books, in the richly-furnished bachelor's apartments where the young baronet discovers, the day after the Derby, that he is ruined, and where he meditates matrimony, or whence he sets out for Calais and a Spa. Why should not he know, who has patronized Mudie for ten years, whose arm is to be broken in the first volume, and whom the sufferer is to marry ; whether or not there is to be an elopement ; who is the real murderer ; where the missing will is hid ; what has become of the lost son ; whether or not young Gully, full of pluck, will be able, by smoking a short black pipe and reading hard and swimming on the coast of Devonshire, to convince himself that he has a soul to be saved, that Christianity is the thing to save it, and that Queen Elizabeth had auburn and not red hair ; and whether Mopeington Crevecœur, who is conscious of his inside, will or will not achieve true nobility of character and a practical if not critical knowledge of the New Testament by giving up lying and lyrical poetry and light food, and taking to service in the Crimean war and a beard and pluck and beef ? The patron of Mudie's knows, as well as if he had made them himself, the noble but too free-handed and somewhat embarrassed Irish gentleman who has one lovely daughter ; the other Irish gentleman, not so noble, but equally free-handed and even more embarrassed, who has five or six strapping daughters and a fighting son in the army, and dogs galore, who lives to hunt and drink, and whose tenantry resist a process ; the young lady who lets the poet love her but wants the duke,

whereby cultivation and gain through sorrow accrue to the poet ; the young gentleman, Mordaunt, a favorite of women of the world and respected by men, who is the soul of honor, has nursed his genius in solitude, goes to college, where he forms a friendship with Trevelyman the future statesman, and learns to quote Plotinus and Tully, and distinguish between The Ideal with a big I and ideal with a small i. He is familiar, perhaps to the point of contempt and past it, with the young gentleman who takes a double-first and distinguishes himself at the bar ; with the rector who leans towards cross-bearers and incense, and calls a Protestant “ a Prot. ; ” with the whist-playing rector, whose wife the butcher hates ; with the bluff young man with the cynical mouth and kindly eyes, who has the air of putting his young friends in his waistcoat-pocket and talking gruffly to them, but who, under the influence of tobacco, appears as a man with a hidden grief which he fights with and grandly buttons into a Petersham coat ; with the yellow-headed murderess and the purple-browed magnificent leopardess of a bigamist, and the gray-faced female poisoner in whose thin cheek no blush arises when she is tried in court ; with the Alpine tourist and the young lady who sighs all up the Rhine, but in Florence, in the picture gallery, sees Edward watching her ; with the absentee landlord and the billiard-sharper, the banker and the reviewer, the Jew money-lender and the bailiff, the policeman and the governess, and the solitary horseman, and the faker with his “ nix my dolly ” pals, the young man who has

a place, and the good-natured young man who shoots and is never in the way, and thousands more too numerous and too well known to mention. Unless he has Carlyle's excuse, the aged novel-reader may as well stop his subscription. And there is no good reason why the American reader should persevere longer than his British cousin. He has already read the *Scarlet Letter* and the *House of Seven Gables*, and the *Blithedale Romance*, and half a dozen of Cooper's, and two of Mrs. Stowe's—and if he has not read also some of Miss Prescott's and *Hot Corn* and *Queechy* and several others he is very lucky—and he may as well stop. Somebody may perhaps by-and-by invent something which will be an improvement on our realistic school of writing fiction and our doctrinal dead-in-earnest and dead novel, and then the regiments of people who have to have a model, having a new one, may be less tiresome than at present, and Mudie's department of fiction may reach again its old importance. Meantime we have among us still the woman who wrote *Romola*, and the man who, if he did write *Our Mutual Friend*, wrote *David Copperfield*, and was father and sponsor of Mr. Richard Swiveller, and Mr. Samuel Weller and his Prooshian Blue of a parent, Mr. Tony Weller ; and we may be thankful, too, for the writer of *Christie Johnstone* and *The Cloister* and the *Hearth*, and for the author of that work of a good heart, John Halifax.

CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

THE opinions are opposite as the poles. Some authors, and distinguished ones, too—Irving was one, Bulwer is another, Lowell another, though professing to be also of the “ungentle craft” himself—maintain that your critic is a most unnecessary nuisance, a pestilent fellow, who tears the works of better men to pieces, because he can produce nothing good himself, and makes it his business to look for spots in the sun, and calumniate the icicle on Diana’s temple. On the other hand, the critic not unfrequently proclaims himself a fine gentleman, for whose amusement the author writes. He discusses the book as he would a newly furnished house or a state dinner. Talk to him of writing books himself! Must Amphytrion be able to fry an omelette or Lucullus to concoct *méringue* before he ventures to find fault with Soyer’s *cotelettes à la Réforme*? Is Brummell disqualified for passing judgment on Stultz’s coats because he has never handled the shears himself?

Equally opposite are the theories about the critic’s genesis. There was the old one of Queen Anne’s time, that he owed his life to the corruption of an au-

thor, and merely sought to revenge his own failures on more successful rivals. There is the modern theory, upheld, if not suggested, by Thackeray, that the critic is generally an immature author, who jests at scars because he never felt a wound, and is prone to exaggerate the errors because he has never experienced the difficulties of serious authorship.

On this debatable ground we shall be more likely to go safely by taking a middle path. In political difficulties the boldest course is sometimes the most prudent, and nothing short of "thorough" will carry us through ; but in questions of taste it is always wise to keep clear of extremes, for taste is eminently eclectic. It is quite possible for a man to become a competent critic without ever passing, or intending to pass, through the stage of authorship. It is no paradox to call criticism a very subordinate and yet a very important branch of literature, just as the constable, though of no exalted official rank, is an indispensable portion of the political framework. A man may be born with a large share of the appreciative and discriminative faculties, which may have been, as they most certainly are, capable of being largely improved by education, at the same time he may be entirely destitute of the creative and imaginative faculties, which, unless given by nature, no education can implant. Indeed, there must be such men, since the former qualities, though rare enough, are less rare than the latter. A man thus intellectually furnished can never write anything like a first-class novel or poem ; indeed, he is not very likely

to make the attempt ; but he can criticise novels and poems to any extent.

The case of translators is analogous. We often hear it said that none but a poet can translate poetry. The assertion is plausible ; but who would maintain that none but a historian can translate a historian ; that it requires a Macaulay or a Merivale to render a Michelet or a Thierry ? Yet the rule ought to hold good for both, if at all, although the author's temptation to improve on his original shows itself differently ; the poet's alterations would be made in the text, the historian's would be expressed in notes and comments. It is unfortunate that as a musician who plays well enough to accompany nicely will seldom condescend to accompaniment, so those whose talents and education best fit them for translating are generally prone to aim at original composition. Take a work of learning and research. The critic may be the author's superior in knowledge of the subject, yet may never think of writing such a book, either for want of the steady industry necessary, or from the press of other avocations, or even from deficiency in pecuniary means, since learned authorship in most countries is generally a rich and sometimes a very expensive luxury.

But why not give up the business of criticism to authors themselves ? For various reasons. In one sense they are much too good for it—that is, the best of them are. It is cutting blocks with a razor, and putting Pegasus into harness. A man of real, original creative power is better employed in producing something him-

self than in criticising the productions of others. Here again translation furnishes us with analogies. Thus it is highly probable that Tennyson might have achieved the best English version of the "Iliad" ever written, but how much better for the reading public and the world of letters that he wrote *Maud* and the *Princess*!

In other cases, they are not good enough. And the reason is twofold. In the first place, authors, like the rest of mankind, are subject to the influence of professional jealousy. In nine cases out of ten such a charge against the critic would be absurdly irrelevant. He might as well be taxed with envying a general or a Congressman. The only circumstances under which a critic can be reasonably suspected of attacking an author from this motive are these: Either he has written a work on the same subject, and failed—for if he has succeeded he passes into the class of authors, as the greater takes precedence of the less—or he has a work on the same subject in contemplation, and may feel annoyed at the wind being taken out of his sails. But the author is always tempted to find another author on similar subjects a possible rival in his way.

Then, putting all bad motive out of the question, the author is less apt to criticise fairly than the critic, because he is more apt to be one-sided. His very ability is likely to make him intense in one direction, so that he will overvalue his own method of treatment. The critic is, by profession, as it were, many-sided, a proposition which we have already expressed in other words by saying that taste is eminently eclectic. If,

though one-sided, he obtains a reputation, as in Ruskin's case, it is because his excellences of style give him a position as an author independent of the value of his critical opinions. Byron strikingly illustrates both these disqualifications. The former affected his judgment of Shelley, the latter his judgment of Wordsworth.

It is often assumed that the relations of critics are only to authors, or at most to authors and the public. This is a very inadequate statement ; their relations to publishers are even more important. From one point of view the publisher is the public's natural enemy, and the critic their natural protector. Now and then we find a chivalric Moxon, who publishes a whole generation of poets from pure love of poetry. But such are exceptions. Publishers, like most men, usually pursue their calling from a desire to make money by it, nor is this fact more discreditable to them than to any other class. But, like all dealers, the publisher is sometimes mistaken in the quality of his wares ; he sometimes buys or agrees to print a work which would not find favor on its own merits. This want of merit he is too often tempted to supply by systematic and unblushing puffery. In this country (and England and France are no better off) there is quite as much "shoddy" literature as any other kind of deceptive goods disposed of under the falsest pretences. To take the lowest view, this is an imposition on the public. Every man who pays a dollar or two for a worthless book is directly swindled by the puffing publisher and the venal "notice-writer" who have deluded him into the purchase.

It must not be inferred from anything which has been said that we accept the ungracious theory of those who make it the critic's business always and solely to find fault. But the multitude of sham reviewers, whose chief stock in trade consists of unmeaning adulation, may well make us forget that the American critic has any laudatory functions. And at present, we believe that these are more wisely employed on subjects than on individuals. There are some branches of literature and learning (classics and general philosophy, for instance) in which the scarcity of valuable American works is deplorable, and this is in a great measure owing to the want of accomplished critics, who might awaken a public curiosity in that direction. The special branch of art-criticism has some peculiarities arising from the nature of its subject-matter. Every critic is in some sense an author—that is, he writes for publication; the art-critic may also be an artist, but it is not considered necessary that he should be in any sense. But we can only allude to this division of our subject, the proper handling of which would require a separate paper to itself.

In a new country like ours, the public mind passes through three stages before it is fully prepared to furnish or appreciate complete and well-balanced criticism. First, there is the chaotic or embryo period, when the whole energy of the people is employed in overcoming physical obstacles. Literature and art are then rare exotics, and their votaries run the risk of being considered very eccentric, if not absolutely mad. There are

men enough living who recollect this stage. Then succeeds the childish age, or that of promiscuous and often silly admiration. The last stage before reaching the day of true criticism is a reaction from this, a period of indiscriminate censure. In art-criticism we seem to have arrived at the third stage, or at least to be very near it. In literature we are not yet well out of the second, though many spirited attempts have been made at intervals for thirty years or more to push us out of it; usually, as in Park Benjamin's case, for instance, they failed to make any permanent impression or meet the appreciation which they deserved. We really think that before our criticism comes to merit the name, it will have to pass through this stormy and belligerent stage, a period like that of English criticism during the first quarter of the century. The great mischief has always been that whenever our reviewers deviate from the usual and popular course of panegyric, they start from and end in personality, so that the public mind is almost sure to connect unfavorable criticism with personal animosity. Any review thus inspired is worth exactly its weight in Confederate paper. The critic ought to know the author only through his book; he should have the least possible personal knowledge of him, should be ignorant (or at least affect to be ignorant) whether he is rich or poor, handsome or ugly, married or single, whether his grandmother was a President's sister, or his second cousin is a New York alderman. Above all, it is absolutely necessary that there should not be a shadow of personal difficulty be-

tween them. With this proviso, we believe our authors themselves would not be sorry for a little less butter and a little more pepper ; we are certain it would do them good, whether they liked it or not.

CLERGYMEN'S SALARIES.

A PROMINENT religious journal, with abundant ability to procure information, and the strongest motives for ensuring accuracy, has published the following statement of the rates of compensation paid to clergymen in the State of Connecticut. The figures are taken from the minutes of the General Association. From these minutes it appears that three pastors have no pay whatever ; one has \$100 ; one, \$200 ; one, \$300 ; nine have \$400 ; thirty-three, \$500 ; one hundred and four, \$1,000 ; forty, \$1,500 ; sixteen, \$2,000 ; four, \$2,500 ; and three, \$3,000 a year. No salary of more than three thousand is mentioned ; the average remuneration in the several counties is given thus : in Windham Co., \$653 ; in Tolland Co., \$728 ; in Middlesex Co., \$819 ; in New London, \$848 ; in Litchfield, \$880 ; in Fairfield, \$1,044 ; in Hartford, \$1,060 ; in New Haven, \$1,127.

This statement respecting the condition of ministers of religion in New England, and, of all places, in Connecticut, the stronghold of New England orthodoxy, even where it excites no surprise, must awaken serious

reflection on the religious state of the community. The largest salary mentioned in the table is insufficient for the support of a man and his family in days like these ; and but three ministers receive that. Fifty-six receive what at the best is scarcely more than a pittance ; and forty-six receive less than a pittance. These men must eat and drink, and have wherewithal they may be clothed, even if they are not over-anxious about such things. They must have a roof over their heads. They are generally, we may presume, married ; at all events marriage is a privilege which cannot be refused them. They have families of children, large in proportion to the smallness of the stipend. They are, moreover, in most cases, educated men, whose mental furniture has cost money, and is so much capital invested in their profession. Their profession demands all their time, as at present conducted. It leaves no leisure for other means of obtaining a livelihood ; and if it did leave leisure, it leaves no ability or aptitude for money-making pursuits. Its duties, by their very nature, disqualify men for practical affairs ; they carry both mind and will far away into regions remote from every kind of market, even from the market of literature. Their time, their strength, their feelings, sympathies, efforts, even their flaccid purses, are incessantly and mercilessly drawn upon by all sorts of people, who make them do their work for them, and offer them no compensation, often not even gratitude, for important services. The poorest class in the community, they are the most pitifully fleeced class in the community.

It is urged that they are the most privileged class, too ; that they are universally honored and beloved ; that the best social position is cheerfully awarded to them as by right ; that all doors are open to them ; that they are admitted to intimacies such as no other class of men are indulged with ; that they enjoy the distinction of being reckoned a purely disinterested and self-sacrificing order of men, whose reward is very certain in the next world, and whose impecuniosity in this life is abundantly compensated by the wealth of good-will that is lavished upon them. All this is willingly conceded, so far as the social privilege and the parochial affections are concerned, but we cannot see the relevancy of such considerations to the case in hand, so long as all this social privilege and saintly fame amount to so much practical impoverishment. "Fair words butter no parsnips." In this case they cause the transfer of the parsnips to another man's mouth. A reputation for disinterestedness is a very fine thing, but it will not pay the shoemaker, or the schoolmaster, or the stationer, and it goes a very little way towards paying the bookseller. It is fair, perhaps, that one's love for his neighbor should make him rich for the next world, but his neighbor's love for him should put something in his pocket for this world ; and this precisely it fails to do.

The argument that, on the whole, ministers receive about as much as they are worth, is plausible at the first glance, but it has no force. For why are they not worth more ? Simply because they have no means to

make themselves worth more. Their natures are starved by their poverty. Mental nutriment cannot be obtained, for papers, magazines, pamphlets, books, the only and the indispensable food for the mind, are very expensive. They cannot enlarge their observation or increase their experience of the world by travel ; they cannot profit by the stimulus of better minds, for they gain no access to the intellectual centres where such minds congregate. Their health suffers from enforced confinement to one spot summer and winter. No variety of scene or of influence changes their mood or refreshes their spirit. No inspiration from mountain or ocean gives them new hope and vigor. What can be expected from men shut under the cover of an exhausted receiver ? Where is the stuff for sermons, or for prayers, or for spiritual consolation and quickening to come from ? The spirit is powerful and should be put to its power ; ministers should not be so well paid that they can dispense with it, or that it can dispense with them ; but certain temporal conditions must be conceded in order that the spirit may work at all.

That these conditions are less faithfully met now than they were in former times, we have no right to say. Probably they are not. Perhaps the clergy are as much respected as they ever were. We have seen no proof that their stipend has anywhere been diminished. But that is not the point. The stipend should be greatly increased to meet the material and the intellectual demands of the time. The scale of prices in the intellectual world has kept up with the

scale of prices in the physical world. It costs at least as much, in proportion to the requirements of the last generation, to keep a man's mind fully-up to the standard of culture at present maintained, as to keep the man himself up to the same mark of animal comfort. The old salaries, even when eked out as they used to be with the minister's fire-wood or an occasional barrel of potatoes, are not enough, nor anything like enough. Ministers *never were* paid sufficiently; and the reason why they are not paid sufficiently now must, in our judgment, be sought, not in any local or incidental change in the public mind towards them; not in any altered relation between them and their parishioners; not in any disrespect or coldness towards them as a class; but rather in certain general dispositions which we can by no means applaud, but which we must wait on with such patience as we can command.

We account for the general "exploiting" of the clergy, first, by the fact that men will not pay more for any kind of service than they are obliged to pay in order to have it; and as women, and clergymen, who are supposed to be a cross betwixt men and women, are in the habit of taking what is given them as a favor, making no remonstrance, they are kept without compunction on starvation prices. People wonder how they live; but so long as they do live and do not rebel, it is presumed they are content. It will be soon enough to pay more when they demand more. In the next place, the uneducated lay people—be they farmers, shop-keepers, mechanics, traders, or even merchants—

have no comprehension of the wants of intellectual men ; no doubt in many respects they fancy their own wants to be greater. They can understand that the minister may need less meat and drink, being of a "spiritual" mind ; that he can dispense with carved furniture and heavy draperies, with mirrors and Wilton carpets, with paintings and bronzes, and such like gauds of the world ; but they do not understand how necessary it is that he should have books, magazines, society, and, above these even, that intellectual repose, that freedom from anxiety, which to themselves would be simply intolerable. They therefore make provision neither for the things he is supposed not to wish for because he is "unworldly," nor for the things they cannot see that he wants because he is intellectual. They starve his flesh because he is not carnal, and they starve his spirit because they do not know what it is to be spiritual.

But more cogent than either of the two reasons assigned for the low rate of ministerial compensation is, probably, a third reason, namely, a general want of appreciation of ministerial service. That such want of appreciation should be found in New England is very remarkable, and is a strong evidence of the fact that people usually are indifferent to all affairs but their own. In New England no class of men are practically of more value than the clergy, and the same is, to a large degree, the case in all our communities. Besides preaching and doing pastoral work in families on all the most trying occasions of life, they are the general

patrons of education and the superintendents of charity. They serve diligently on school committees, they supply lectures for lyceums, they are called on for addresses on all occasions ; they perform a vast deal of literary work that seems to belong to nobody in particular ; they manage benevolent enterprises and work the associations that are organized for the benefit of the poor, the unfortunate, the abused ; they save time and money to the whole community, as the community would soon feel were their efforts to be suspended. In small towns they are useful in keeping alive, even in creating, the taste for literature, art, and cultivated intercourse. They start the book clubs ; they form the reading circles ; they encourage the debating societies ; they lead in refined entertainments. All this is worth money, and, if estimated at its value, would bring money. Such a class of men should not be treated as worthless and unaccountable rubbish.

How it is to end no one can certainly say. We venture the opinion, however, that matters will not go on from bad to worse. The religious sentiment must have organized and instituted expression in the communities of men. When the present profuse experiments in lecturing, lay preaching, "inspirational utterance," and trance speaking shall have been fairly tried, it will be found, we doubt not, that the best way of obtaining wise and useful religious teaching is to have a class of men gifted for it, educated in it, and devoted to it through their lives. We are inclined to believe, too, that the need of such a class will be recognized more

as the people advance in intelligence. Increased culture will bring increased appreciation of culture in this highest form of knowledge ; and instead of reducing the ministry to yet lower terms, if lower be possible, rational men will supply them with more abundant means of support, will exact of them higher service, and will hold them in greater honor than before.

POPULARIZING SCIENCE.

THESE are the days of popular lectures and familiar treatises on scientific subjects. Let a discussion arise among scientific men on any subject not narrowly technical, and there is immediately an effort to throw the weight of the popular applause into this scale or that. If a scholar has any large project at heart—a great book to publish, a museum or an observatory to found—he must appeal, not to some one Mæcenas, but to masses of people ; he must fascinate two or three hundred average American legislators ; he must deal skillfully with reporters and editors ; he must exhibit his disinterestedness, enthusiasm, and learning before large audiences ; he must be constantly before the public in newspapers, periodicals, and popular books. For the noble patron we have substituted the long subscription list. We read with an agreeable feeling of superiority the obsequious dedications to fools of high-born patrons which great scholars of other generations put in the front of their works. Is it quite sure that the processes by which some of our scholars propitiate their patron, the public, are any more consistent with self-respect,

independence, and mental uprightness? It must be admitted that the process by which science is popularized nowadays is one fraught with distinct dangers both to the speakers or writers themselves and to the public whom they address ; to the speakers, because when a retiring, single-minded, unworldly student, who is really capable of successfully investigating the hidden things of nature, is converted into an eloquent orator on scientific topics, a ready debater, or a plausible advocate of his own opinions, the change is not for the advantage of the individual ; to the public, because they are too apt to be fed with loose and inaccurate statements, with sweeping generalizations, with false facts and false logic, with appeals to their prejudices and preconceptions rather than to their reason.

We find some good illustrations of the temptations to which even genuine scientific men are in these days exposed in the printed reports of a course of lectures lately delivered before a popular audience in Boston by the eminent naturalist, Agassiz. To persuade his hearers of the absurdity of the theory of progressive development was the main purpose of the lecturer, although the lectures were largely made up of descriptions of the physical characteristics and natural history of Brazil. It is not our present intention to question the fairness of presenting to a large popular audience only one side of a controversy like that upon the theory of Darwin, although it seems clear that a just disputant would state his adversaries' argument with precision, if only to refute it ; neither do we desire to call atten-

tion to the not infrequent inconsistencies of the lecturer's own arguments ; the climax of Prof. Agassiz's argument, contained in the concluding sentence of the last lecture, will best illustrate what we feel to be the dangerous tendencies of the present methods of popularizing science—"We are the children of God, and not the children of monkeys." In the first place, this argument is grossly unjust to that decided majority of living naturalists who have accepted and extended Darwin's views ; for it implies that they deny the Fatherhood of God. It is precisely this implication which wins the applause of an indiscriminating audience, but no aspersion could be more unwarrantable. The belief that the whole animate creation was developed from a single germ is no more inconsistent with a firm faith in the universal and incessant action, through all nature, of an intelligent will, than our knowledge that every human being grows to adult stature out of an egg in which no trace of organization is perceptible is inconsistent with the literal acceptance of the beautiful faith that in God "we live and move and have our being." To assert, or imply, that the development hypothesis is atheistic, is to assert that *growth* goes on without God, than which there can hardly be a more impious idea. A little four-year-old was told that God made him. Measuring off a few inches on his arm, he wrathfully replied, "No, he didn't! God made me a little mite of a thing so long, and *I grewed the rest myself!*" This is just the opinion of the theologians and naturalists who would recognize God in spasmodic

creations, but admit him to no share in regular growth; this is precisely the wisdom of those who teach that man is less the child of God if his body was the natural outgrowth of less perfect organisms than if it was a detached and abrupt creation out of the earth, water, and fire after the Promethean fashion. No scientific lecturer has a right to use, before a popular audience, an argument which could not be addressed to an assemblage of his peers in science. The mischief of misrepresenting the views of sincere opponents is graver in proportion to the incompetency of the audience to allow for, or correct, the misrepresentation.

But the argument, "We are the children of God, and not the children of monkeys," admirably illustrates another temptation which besets popular lecturers; it is an appeal to a popular prejudice by a man who has no such prejudice himself. It is an unwelcome idea to an ignorant man that there is any natural connection between monkeys and himself. That man is an improved monkey is a repugnant thought to the common mind, just as it would be disagreeable for a New York Democrat to believe that a white man is a bleached negro. Indeed, considered as an argument against the Darwinian hypothesis, Prof. Agassiz's appeal to the monkey prejudice can only be compared, for irrelevancy and inconclusiveness, to the well-known Democratic clincher, "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" We are the more astonished at such an argument against Darwinism from Prof. Agassiz, because no one has stated more distinctly and positively

than Prof. Agassiz himself that man's physical nature connects him directly with the animals, and that the debasement of which man is capable is due to the fact that he is thus descended from the beasts that perish. Four or five years ago, Prof. Agassiz delivered a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, in Boston. These lectures were then printed in the "Atlantic Monthly," and finally they were collected in a volume which has had a wide circulation under the title of "Methods of Study in Natural History." On the 71st page of this book we read: "Man is the crowning work of God on earth; but though so nobly endowed we must not forget that we are the lofty children of a race [the vertebrates] whose lowest forms lie prostrate within the water, having no higher aspiration than the desire of food; and we cannot understand the possible degradation and moral wretchedness of man without knowing that his physical nature is rooted in all the material characteristics that belong to his type, and link him even with the fish." Truly, if the discussion concerning the Darwinian theory is to be reduced to a question of man's ancestry, it may turn out that the popular majority will prefer the monkey to the fish; between the baboon on the one hand and the sculpin or hornpout on the other, many would think that the baboon was the most desirable ancestor, both on the score of intelligence and of personal appearance. Prof. Agassiz has already got so far as to think he can see a resemblance between the head of an adult skate and that of a human embryo; on page 317 of the book already quoted he

says: "The resemblance of an adult skate, especially in the configuration of the face, the form of the mouth, the position of the nostrils, the arrangement of the gills, to some of the earlier conditions in the growth of the young mammal, not excepting the human family, is equally striking."

The popular lecturer on science is exposed to still a third temptation: speaking usually on subjects with which his audiences have but very slight acquaintance, he is checked by no fear of competent criticism of his method, or of any immediate reply to loose or incorrect statements. Like the clergyman, the lecturer suffers from his very exemption from the incessant, *viva voce*, face-to-face discussions and debates which are the everyday lot of most men. Accustomed to assume that his audiences know little or nothing of subjects with which he has been long familiar, he finally comes to underrate the intelligence and attainments of his auditors; his lectures become more and more diluted; the hour's dish of discourse contains but a spoonful of meat; next he becomes careless in stating facts; and finally a fatal contempt for his hearers betrays him into using methods of reasoning, argument, and illustration which are plausible but not sound, taking but not true. Who can blame him if, when he has made a misstatement twenty or thirty times without contradiction, or has repeatedly won applause with some fanciful guesswork or specious fallacy, he at last begins to flatter himself that his misstatements are true, his guesswork what ought to be true, and his fallacies good

logic? Every man who has followed college or medical-school courses of lectures has seen abundant illustrations of all these points among lecturers on science. We may again refer to Prof. Agassiz's former Lowell lectures, the "Methods of Study in Natural History" above mentioned, because, as there can be no question as to his real knowledge, the careless confidence bred of long impunity is the only explanation of the frequent occurrence of most curious misstatements, even after the lectures have been twice revised for the press. Thus we are told (p. 69) that every vertebrate has *four* locomotive appendages, whereas whales, dugongs, manatees, and porpoises have only *two*. On page 74, it is stated that in "the insects there are three nervous centres, the largest in the head, a smaller one in the chest, and the smallest in the hind body." The fact is that there is one principal centre in the head, three in the chest, which are sometimes blended into two or even one, and ordinarily from nine to four centres in the abdomen, which are sometimes fused together to a less number of centres, and very exceptionally to one centre. On page 114 it is positively asserted that the seal "has no power of bending the wrist or the fingers," whereas every boy who has seen a trained seal at an aquarium knows that a seal can grind a hand-organ with an easy flexible motion of the wrist. A popular book on science is worse than useless if it be not accurate; no amount of rhetoric can atone for heedless errors in matters of fact. The lately published "Geological Sketches," the second book in which Prof.

Agassiz has endeavored to exhibit to unscientific readers the futility of the Darwinian hypothesis, is liable to the same criticism as the "Methods of Study in Natural History." The scientific journals which have noticed this later work have given long lists of the errors in matters of fact which abound upon its pages.

But graver reasons remain to be considered. Popular lectures and popular treatises on scientific topics have, since the days of the Bridgewater Treatises, done an infinite mischief in fostering two amazing conceits, originally invented by theologians, but strengthened and confirmed in the popular mind by teachers of natural science. The first of these conceits is the notion that the boundless universe was made and is maintained for man's sole use and benefit; that its *raison d'être* is man's education, development, and happiness; that its laws are specially adapted for the training of the human intellect through the study of them; and that all its wonders and beauties are expressly provided for the enjoyment of the little creature which for a few of God's minutes has been pottering about on a small fraction of the outside crust of one little speck of a planet.

We are inclined to laugh at the argument urged against the Copernican system by the religious authorities of those days—that, as man is the central and ultimate object of creation, it must be that man's dwelling place is the centre around which all other spheres revolve. But this generation is less logical than the monks who persecuted Copernicus: we cling to the

superstition that the heavens and the earth were created for man's sole behoof, although we know that the species lives in an obscure corner of a limitless universe, of which man can see and understand and use only an infinitesimal fraction. The popular scientific books of the day are full of the assumption that man is the summit of creation and the ultimate object of the Creator in contriving and directing the material universe.

The second false idea, pregnant with danger, which popular treatises on science have done much to foster, is the notion that men are capable of appreciating and explaining the designs and purposes of God in making things as they are. We are constantly called upon by lecturers and writers to admire the exquisite adaptation of this thing or that thing to what they imagine to be its use and object, to worship the goodness and love which made the infinite beauties and glories of light and music, of ocean and air, of flowers and forests, of mountains and the great heavens, to exercise and delight the created senses and mind of man, as if this were their sole or chief function. But is it not a harmless and even a profitable exercise of the human faculties, this wonderful study of God's designs? No! for it leads men to think that they can enter into God's thoughts and understand the scope of his designs. If men get into the habit of thinking they can fathom God's intentions in the gentle and kindly things of nature, when they meet a terrible and, to human eyes, injurious exhibition of natural forces, the confidence

they have acquired in their own judgment concerning the final causes of things leads them to say, This is not the work of a benevolent being at all, for it is a cruel work ; these are a devil's doings, or the fruit of man's sin. A shipwreck, for example, must be a "judgment," for was not the ocean made expressly to be the pathway for man's ships? Professor Cooke, in his Graham lectures on "Religion and Chemistry," declares that it is not true that the material universe manifests a God of unmixed beneficence, and he bases this frightful conclusion on fact that "lightning and tempest, plague, pestilence, and famine, with all their awful accompaniments, are no less facts of nature than the golden sunset, the summer's breeze, and the ripening harvest." The argument is this : Man is the object for which all things are made ; man comprehends God's purposes in creation ; the glories of sunset were made to delight man's eyes, the gentle breeze to fan his cheek, the abundant harvests to satisfy his hunger ; these things are good for man ; they comfort and bless him ; God is good—but earthquakes and volcanoes, storms and pestilences, crush and destroy man ; man is the ultimate object of creation ; man appreciates God's designs, and the design of these terrors is cruel ; God is malevolent. If popular science had not insidiously taught people to believe that they can essentially comprehend the benevolence of the seeming good in nature, they would not be so prone to think that they can decide upon the malevolence of the seeming evil.

The fact is that natural science should have nothing

whatever to do with the discussion concerning final causes. It is the province of science to investigate patiently and record accurately the natural sequence of events; and there is work enough to be done in this legitimate sphere without intruding upon the rightful province of another philosophy. It is best to find out the real facts of nature before we write poetry or sermons about them. At least, it will be well to really find out *how* things are made before we enter upon any deep speculation as to *why* they have been so made. How many long chapters have been written about the mathematical instinct of the honey-bee, and the wonderful precision with which it builds perfect hexagonal cells! But it turns out, after all, that the bee does not build with any precision, and that it is constantly making pentagonal cells and crooked cells of irregular shape, so that hardly a bit of honey-comb can be found in which many irregularities and much patchwork do not occur. Indeed, no man ever saw a single honey-cell in perfect form, in spite of Lord Brougham's extraordinary assertion in his "Natural Theology," that the mathematical theory of the cell and the bee's practice are absolutely coincident. And what becomes of all the poetry about the Argonaut nautilus spreading its sails to the favoring breeze and sailing over the summer sea, when it appears that the arms of the nautilus are never used in this manner, and that the little creature is, and always was, quite incapable of any such exploit? The natural theologians have always set great store by the chambered nautilus on account of its supposed

power of condensing air in its unoccupied chambers, so that the shell may be made to sink like a diving-bell. This condensing power was justly considered an extraordinary invention, a wonderful adaptation of means to ends. And so perhaps it would be if it were real ; unfortunately for the argument, it is not a fact that the chambered nautilus performs any such remarkable operation. Between a theologian dabbling in science and a scientific man dabbling in theology, it is, indeed, hard to choose. Any one who desires to see further instances of this method of studying nature may find them *ad nauseam*, in such books as "Homes without Hands," by the Rev. Mr. Wood, and the works of Mr. Leo H. Grindon.

We scarcely realized how vicious the general method of popularizing science has been until we lately took up a collection of "Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects," which is singularly free from the common cant. Sir John Herschel has published under the above title a collection of the lectures he has delivered to popular audiences ; it contains lectures on "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," the "Sun," "Comets," "Light," "Celestial Measurements and Weighings," and the "Origin of Force," subjects which usually call forth the best eloquence of those who think they can find out the Almighty. Sir John Herschel treats all these great subjects plainly, worthily, humbly. The inventive genius of the Creator never receives laudatory mention, the kind intentions of the Disposer of All are never appreciatively alluded to, and no surprise is ever ex-

pressed that God allows this thing or that thing to happen or to exist. It is a relief to find a new familiar treatise on scientific subjects which is accurate and logical, and free from the flippant semi-religious sentimentalism which mars so many of the popular books on such subjects. In one essay, however, that on "The Yard, the Pendulum, and the Metre," we feel bound to say that Herschel's English feeling gets altogether the better of his reasoning faculty.

In thus speaking of the dangers which attend the process of making science familiar, we have no desire to gainsay the necessity of diffusing scientific information as widely as possible. But in pursuing this desirable end, it is of primary importance that nothing but real science should be diffused, and that the methods of teaching employed should be, before everything, characterized by simplicity, fairness, and humility.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

THE advent of the new year suggested to us the idea of noting down a few of the material indications of the progress made by the world since the beginning of the century, and we speedily made out a list of things which are so familiar to us that we have not only ceased to think of them as novelties, but very few of us can even fancy the world getting on without them, though our grandfathers had never heard of them. The material progress made within the present century is, to be sure, a trite subject, but then we doubt whether, in spite of all that has been said upon it, many people have sufficient acquaintance with its details not to be startled by seeing them grouped together. A man need not be very old to remember the time when there were no railroads, no locomotives, no steamships, and no telegraph wires—no gaslights, no petroleum, no California gold, no india-rubber shoes or coats, no percussion caps or revolvers, no friction matches, no city aqueduct, no steam printing presses, no sewing machines, no reaping machines, no postage stamps or envelopes or pens of steel or gold ; when there was no

homœopathy or hydropathy, no chloroform or teeth extracted without pain ; when there was no mesmerism, no biology, and no table-tippings and marvels from the spiritual world ; no planet Neptune, no Stuart's syrup, no Hecker's flour, no temperance societies, no sax-horns or cornets or Boehm flutes or seven-octave pianos ; no photographs, no paint-tubes for artists, no complete stenography, no lithography or anastatic printing or etching on stone, no illustrated news, and hardly a decent wood-engraving ; when omnibuses and street cars were not dreamed of ; when dull street lamps lit with whale-oil were a luxury, and the Metropolitan Police an Utopian vision ; when there was no unpopular Christianity, no Emerson or Parker, no slavery agitation, no Garrison or Phillips ; Tennyson, Browning, and Carlyle were in embryo, and even Wordsworth was hardly known ; when there were no public schools, no special departments of science in colleges, no gymnasiums, no art unions, no literary or political clubs, no lyceum lectures, no wisely organized and widely operating philanthropic societies, no prison discipline, no good lunatic asylums, no houses of employment and reformation for young scamps—and generally very little hope of reform in young or old scamps.

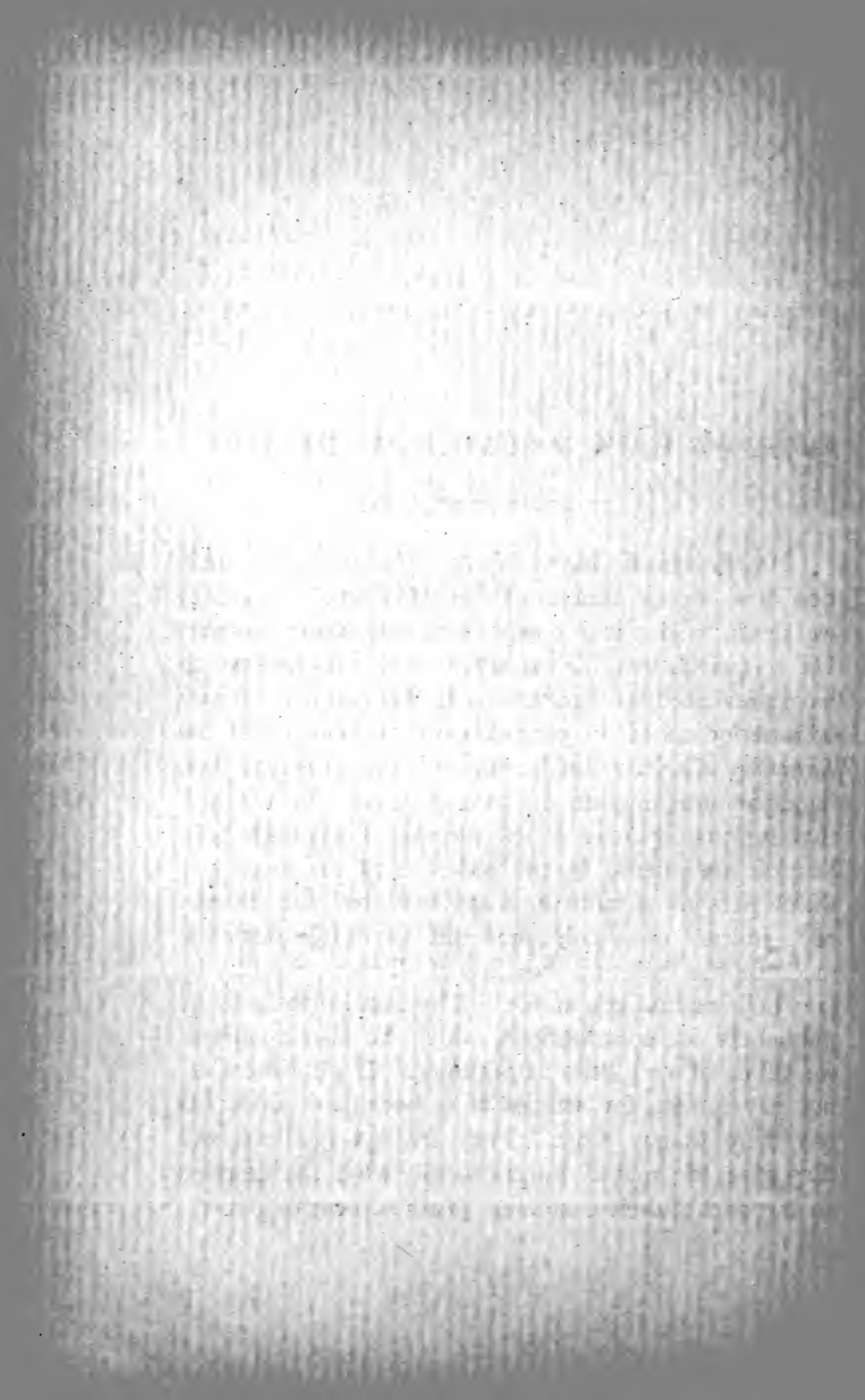
In those days people drank green tea, and ate heavy suppers, and went to bed with warming pans and night-caps, and slept on feather beds, with bed curtains round them, and dreaded the fresh air in their rooms as much as sensible folks nowadays dread to be without it. And if they heard a noise in the night, they got up and

groped about in the dark, and procured a light with much difficulty, with flint and steel and tinder-box, and unpleasant sulphur matches, and went to their medicine-chests and took calomel and blue pills, and Peruvian bark, and salts and senna, and jalap and rhubarb. In those days the fine gentlemen tipped old Jamaica and bitters in the morning, and lawyers took their clients to the sideboard for a dram—while the fine ladies lounged on sofas, reading Byron, and Moore, and Scott's novels. In those days long leather fire-buckets were hung in the entries, filled with water, and when a fire broke out every citizen was a fireman. In those days gentlemen chewed tobacco, indifferent where they expectorated, and ladies cleaned their dental pearls with snuff, and wore thin shoes, and laced themselves into feminine wasps and consumption. Babies were put to sleep with spanking and paregoric. Urchins were flogged at school *à posteriori*, and subjected to all sorts of unheard of chastisements. Picture books and toys were dear and poor. Big boys played "hockey" (or, as they called it South, "bandy") in the streets, with crooked sticks and hard wooden balls (policemen being unknown), and went home to their mothers to have broken shins anointed with *opodeldoc*. Street fights occurred between schools, and schoolmasters were persecuted by the biggest boys. Young ladies danced nothing but formal and decorous cotillions, or fast and furious Virginia reels, in wide entry halls, by the light of candles that called for snuffers every ten minutes—to music by black fiddlers or cracked and jingling

pianos ; while mothers sat darning stockings, and fathers played backgammon, or gambled, and drank brandy and water—or came home late, roaring bacchanalian songs, and inquiring of their sleepy wives in which brown paper parcel the milk was tied up. Boarding-school misses in calico gowns practised the “Battle of Prague,” or “The Caliph of Bagdad,” or Clementi’s “Sonatas” on instruments not much bigger than a modern young lady’s travelling trunk, strung with jangling wires that were always snapping : and occasionally chirped Moore’s “Melodies,” or such airs as “Gaily the Troubadour,” or “Pray, papa, stay a little longer,” or “The banks of the blue Mosche-he-he-helle.” Guests sat on hard wooden chairs, sometimes with their feet up, over roaring wood-fires, “spittin’ round and makin’ ’emselves sociable,” with juleps, egg-nogg, apples and cider. Every man shaved ; wore a bell-crowned hat ; a swallow-tail coat, with a horse-collar ; carried a turnip-shaped timekeeper in his waistband, with a heavy seal hanging out ; had his breeches pockets full of silver half dollars ; wore round-toed boots and linen shirts ; cased his throat in a high black satin neck-stock or heavy cravat, with high standing shirt collars ; ate all manner of indigestible food ; swallowed all manner of nauseous quack medicines ; dined at one o’clock, some families eating the pudding before the meat ; took naps in the afternoon (on Sundays preferring the pews for that purpose) ; had nothing to say against slavery or rum ; took a meagre weekly newspaper ; smoked “long nines ;” ate fried

oysters, and lobster salad, and Welsh rarebit with plenty of red pepper, and drank fiery Madeira or punch, at twelve o'clock at night ; got his feet wet on slushy, snowy days ; took awful colds and rheumatisms ; sent for Dr. Sangsue, and was bled, blistered, and leeches ; had nightmares, headaches, dyspepsia, fever, delirium, death and darkened rooms. In those days a journey from New York to Albany took as much time and thought as a voyage now to Panama ; and a voyage to Europe was like a departure to the next world. We saw our friends aboard ship with sobs and tears, and a letter from across the ocean was like an angel's visit.

Such are a few of the reminiscences of fifty, nay, forty, years ago. No doubt our horizon has expanded in a vast number of directions since then. But, *per contra*, have we not lost as well as gained ? If we are better provided with ways and means for material comfort, have we gained also in self-reliant and industrious and simple habits ? If we are all more on a level, are we as courteous ? If riches abound more, do not luxury and extravagance threaten us proportionally ? If we have grown more intelligent, have we grown wiser ? If humane and philanthropic associations overspread the country, are we individually less selfish ? But we are not going to preach.



“WHY WE HAVE NO SATURDAY REVIEWS.”

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE discussed this question in a recent number of the “Galaxy,” but failed, we think, to give it a complete or satisfactory answer. He has, doubtless, hit on some of the reasons which have prevented the appearance in this country ere now of a periodical of the character and pretensions of the *Saturday Review*; but he has left the principal one, in our opinion, unnoticed. It is quite true, for instance, that serious obstacles to the success of any such publication are offered by the wideness of the area over which persons of cultivation are scattered, the absence of a literary metropolis, and the insatiable demands made on the time and thoughts of all men of ability by law, politics, and commerce. The small price paid by publishers for contributions, which he also mentions, we think of very little importance. If publishers do not pay enough for articles, it is because it does not pay them to pay more. They are but retailers, and they give the manufacturers simply what the demand on the part of their customers justifies them in giving.

We think we can throw a little more light on this momentous theme—for momentous it is, if we are to judge from the amount of talk there has been expended on it by that very small class who have ever seen the *Saturday Review* or know what it is. We shall commence by stating that, in our opinion, the grand and in itself sufficient reason why the American public has not had a *Saturday Review* before now is that it has not wanted one. Those who have done most of the lamenting over the absence of a weekly paper of this description have always taken for granted that there existed a demand for it on the part of the public : this we pronounce to be a baseless assumption. Mr. White asserts that this demand has existed and does exist, but the native manufacturers have not been able to supply it, and consequently readers have betaken themselves to the English article, and he mentions that the call “at all the intellectual centres of the country for the first-rate weekly papers of London—the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, *Athenæum*, etc.—is so large that one firm lives chiefly by importing these papers to supply that demand.” How a man of Mr. White’s knowledge of the literary taste of the community ever got such a notion as this into his head it is difficult to see. We have always held, when listening to the prevalent groanings for a *Saturday Review* or *Spectator*, that, if either of these papers was published in the United States, it would not circulate one thousand copies. As it is, in spite of the craving for them at “the intellectual centres,” the firm which Mr. White supposes to “live

chiefly by importing them,” imports less than two hundred *Saturday Reviews*, and less than one hundred *Spectators*, although it supplies Boston ; and, in fact, it may be safely said that the total circulation of the *Saturday Review* and *Spectator* together in the whole United States does not reach five hundred copies. Mr. White talks of this as a “large and increasing demand” for the imported article, and ascribes it, in part at least, to “the failure of the native production.” But the demand is not large—it is very small ; and it is not increasing. If we subtracted from the two hundred copies of the *Saturday Review* the number taken by expatriated Britons and news rooms, we should probably find that such was the dissatisfaction of the American public with “the native product” that it had furiously ordered about eighty copies of the first-class English weeklies to supply the intellectual needs of a population of 20,000,000. We, for our part, are firmly convinced that when the American public, or any other public, can bring into the market what political economists call “an effective demand” for first-class periodicals, it will get them. That it has not wanted first-class foreign weeklies, we conclude, from the fact that, although such papers have been in existence for twenty or thirty years, it has not bought them, and does not buy them.

The shortcomings of authors and publishers on which Mr. White comments have, we think, very little to do with the matter. The circulation of the *Saturday Review* or *Spectator*, even in England, would here be

considered very small. It is very small, and we question very much whether either of these papers derives any profit worth speaking of from its sales. It is the advertisements that keep them afloat and enrich the proprietors; and the income of the *Saturday Review* from this source is very large, although most of its advertisements are crowded into pages which readers never cut. It is, nevertheless, able to ask for them almost any price it pleases, and finds it cheerfully paid. If a journal of similar circulation here were to ask for advertisements at such rates, it would either be laughed at or have to receive them as a great favor, probably accompanied by a request for a supplementary puff in the editorial columns, such as religious weeklies accord to good customers. The reason of this is not far to seek. In aristocratic countries, traders of all kinds rely rather on few sales at high prices than on large sales at low prices. They therefore address their advertisements to a small wealthy class, and in selecting the paper in which they put them they consider rather the social position and tastes of its readers than their number—that is to say, their quality rather than their quantity. In England the wealthy class is the cultivated class. In other words, the first-class weeklies are more read by the great buyers of books, jewelry, clothes, and all luxuries than any other paper except the *Times*. The *Star*, or *Daily Telegraph*, has probably six times the circulation of the *Saturday Review*; but it probably does not receive one-tenth as much for its advertisements. Here, the converse of

this rule prevails. All advertising is paid for in strict proportion to the number of eyes the paper reaches, no matter what may be the position of those to whom the eyes belong. How hardly this bears on papers which address themselves mainly or solely to the cultivated class, all the more as the cultivated class in America is by no means the wealthiest class of the community, we need not point out. Our large fortunes are too frequently in the hands of men whose reading, from their youth up, has rarely carried them beyond the daily papers.

There is, of course, greater difficulty in securing good writing, such as the first-class weeklies call for, here than in England, and for various reasons, which we have only time to glance at. The English universities turn out every year as fair a proportion of dunces and blockheads as any institutions of their size in the world. But they also turn out a great number of young men of remarkable maturity of mind as well as cultivation—a much greater number than American colleges. These young men mostly go into the church or to the bar; in either case they have, during the best years of their life, a superabundance of leisure. A man is very successful at the English bar who begins to creep into practice at forty. An American lawyer is by that time near being a grandfather and beginning to be worn out with work and to occupy himself with the investment of a snug fortune. The Englishman passes the golden fifteen years of his prime in waiting, hoping, dining out, and talking. He is surrounded by a very complex so-

ciety, composed of several classes, differing in habits, manners, and tone of thought, and he lives amongst people who go into company as a pursuit, and are constantly occupied with the consideration of their relations to other people of the same set, and of the various means by which "social position" is won, or kept, or lost. The result is that he can hardly help speculating constantly on social phenomena, trifling often, but generally interesting, and produces the "social articles" which constitute so much of the attraction of the *Spectator* and *Saturday Review*, and for which we sigh so often, and sigh in vain, in our own papers. The social experience even of our middle-aged men is very small, and our society has been hitherto too monotonous in its coloring to furnish food for anything but very general reflection.

The charge which Mr. White dwells on a good deal, that American authors do not write well for American periodicals because they are not paid enough, we think has far more sound than substance. Writers are not well enough paid ; but the fault is not with the publishers, but the public, as we have said already. We cannot agree with Mr. White that writers of articles for periodicals should be paid at the same rate as men bringing the same amount of time or ability to the practice of the law. The practice of the law requires special training ; the practice of literature needs only such training as any man may get incidentally in the course of a general education. A lawyer, too, is not paid simply for his time or for the use of his brain.

He is paid for his character, his experience, and for incurring tremendous responsibility, such as no literary man knows anything about. Bad writing is, no doubt, an offence against society, which every man should avoid committing if his circumstances and his education will permit him ; but it cannot be compared to the offence of betraying a client or mismanaging his business through negligence or ignorance or incapacity. Writers—even the best writers—are not paid in England at the same rate as lawyers. Thackeray never received nearly as much money in his most successful year as Bethell, or Thesiger, or Cairns received year after year as his regular income, to say nothing of the official honors, which are in England part, and a large part, of a successful lawyer's reward.

The real reason, as we believe—or, at least, the great reason—why we have not hitherto had journals of the literary standing of the first class English weeklies, has been much the same as the reason why we have not until very recently had any poets or historians or essayists or scientific men to compare to those of European countries. It was neither the small pay, nor the size of the republic, nor the absence of a literary metropolis that deprived us of them, but the fact that the Revolution left this country in a colonial condition, intellectually as well as in other ways, out of which it has ever since been working, although traces of it are still to be found. But we are making pretty rapid progress, and we predict that Mr. White will live to see the day, not when, as some wiseacres expect, America will have a

new and peculiar literature of its own, and even an astronomy and pure mathematics of its own, but when it will contribute its full share—and that, too, a very important share—to the literary and scientific stock of the civilized world.

TINKERING HYMNS.

THE Protestant Episcopal Church has taken, or is about to take, a step which the world religious and the world literary pronounce "a crime against letters." At the last General Convention of the Church, "hymnody" was a subject of some consideration and much discussion, and eventually received the usual American panacea of being referred to a committee. This committee has produced a small volume of sixty-five "Additional Hymns," which, "by direction of the House of Bishops, are published under the supervision of the joint committee," and are licensed for use. The hymns are strictly "additional," for the Prayer Book ends with hymn 212, and this volume begins with hymn number 213.

The work which the General Convention intended to assign to its committee, we undertake to say, was that of *selecting*. The committee, however, seems to have misread its authority into something like the following:—

Resolved, That a joint committee of clerical and lay deputies be appointed to select and tinker hymns to be used in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

If the committee had acted under such a resolution we should say that its members had performed their work well, except, perhaps, that the work of tinkering too much exceeded the work of selecting.

Is it really impossible for a church to add to its hymnal hymns as their authors wrote them? Can we not have a collection of lyrics which to the element of religion shall add the element of authenticity? Will it always be impossible for a few conscientious and intelligent gentlemen to sit down to this easy and pleasant task without immediately becoming affected with this horrible mania? Did not the late Dr. Bethune once stop in the reading of a hymn and exclaim to his startled choir; "This hymn is not as Cowper wrote it! Who has dared to alter a hymn of Cowper's? Sing it thus, and not *so*." Does not a recent number of the "Contemporary Review" ridicule and revile the English collections which are labelled "Improved Versions?" Has not one of the eminent members of the bar of England, Sir Roundell Palmer, published his "Book of Praise" for the sake of restoring degraded hymns to their original purity? Do not the taste of the world religious and the conscience of the world secular cry out against all spurious emendations of an author's text? Year by year we travel back to past authors; we republish them with their antique inaccuracies of spelling; we reproduce them in the quaint garb of their old English type; we condemn the editions that have tampered with the text, and cling to the original thoughts moulded in the original form. Who but

a madman would rush against such settled public sentiment?

The book before us is a small volume, but a great innovation. We respect the boldness of the committee in bringing forward hymns which, a quarter of a century ago, were exclusively the property of the Methodist or the Romanist. "Brown, of Ossawatimie," stands at the first page. Every one in this nation knows that "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," was John Brown's favorite hymn, sung on his scaffold and at his burial; and little thought the world six years ago, when the old abolitionist's death gave to the rude lyric a wide repute, that an Episcopal convention would ever transplant it from the field of the camp meeting to the guarded pages of the revered and ever to be revered Book of Common Prayer. Yet it is there, and it is first.

An index is not much of a literary work, and, ordinarily, a reader abuses a book for not having one, or abuses the index for not having all the contents. Here he may go a little further, and say that even an index can be made an instrument of error and injustice. The compilers have appended to this index the names of the authors. They were not obliged to supply such a list; but, if they undertook to do so, they were bound to furnish one trustworthy and consistent. Yet this humble part of their work seems to have been thrown together in mere caprice, and to follow no consistent or intelligible rule. The hymn, "Oh, sacred Head now wounded," is from the German of Paul Gerhardt, which is from the "*Salve caput cruentatum*"

of St. Bernard ; the index ignores the *translator*, and calls the hymn Gerhard's. The hymn "Creator Spirit," is from the Latin "Veni Creator Spiritus ;" the index ignores the *original*, and calls the hymn Dryden's. "For thee, oh ! dear, dear country," is by Dr. Neale, from the "Hora Novissima" of Bernard of Cluni ; the index ignores both translator and author, and calls this recent production "Ancient." "Jesus, the very thought of Thee," is credited to St. Bernard, though St. Bernard was the contemporary of the Monk of Cluni. "Jerusalem, my happy home," is called "Unknown"—a needless ignorance, since Mr. Prime's beautiful little history of "Oh ! Mother Dear Jerusalem." "Jerusalem the Golden" is left blank, though the work from which the hymn was copied names both the author of the translation and the author of the original. One of Dr. Neale's unequalled and original translations is called "Ancient," while three others are not named in any way. Of what value is such a list of authors ?

There is one hymn with regard to which these extraordinary freaks of the index require particular inquiry. "My faith looks up to Thee" is neither credited to its author, Dr. Ray Palmer, nor to any one else, nor yet marked as "anonymous" or "unknown." It is about twenty years since the hymn was written. With the exception of Bishop Doane's "Softly now the light of day," we should say that it is more generally known and more highly prized than any other recent American hymn. Properly regarded, it is less a hymn than a prayer—a prayer deep, earnest, simple, pleading

with beautiful and touching pathos. The first stanza is a supplication for hearing, the second for grace, the third for guidance, and the fourth for the hour "when ends life's transient dream." In one thing only is it defective ; it intercedes for the day of tribulation, but omits the wiser and rarer petition of the Litany, "In all times of our prosperity." Yet this hymn, so beautiful, so brief, so peculiar, is abbreviated, and abbreviated by the omission of the concluding stanza. To shorten a long hymn may be necessary, and to cut short one of four stanzas may be excusable ; but to break such a hymn as this in pieces, and to leave the suppliant asking only for the comforts of earth, striking out his cry for final mercy, is, of a certainty, a strange improvement. Yet of the hymn enough remains to be credited to its author. When a compiler takes a work without paying for it, the least he can do is to acknowledge briefly that the author wrote it. With an unknown work and an unknown author, such an omission would be of little consequence, but not so when the blank authorship relates to one of the valuable pieces of the collection.

But of the alterations chiefly to be censured we have not yet spoken. There is a small volume, published by Randolph, called "The Seven Great Hymns of the Mediæval Church," which, whatever its merits or defects, adheres with scrupulous fidelity to the text of the authors, even to the extent of noting a change in the punctuation. From this small store of mediæval wealth the compilers have taken no less than six of their

sixty-five hymns ; and (so great was their zeal) not one of these six hymns have they given as the author wrote it.

First of the list stands the renowned "Dies Iræ." It may startle some people to learn that the "Great Hymn," the famous sequence of the Romish burial service, has its eighteen stanzas spread out to their fullest extent in this brief addition to the Protestant Episcopal Prayer-Book.

Yet we do not object to this ; for, although the "Dies Iræ" will not be used by congregations as a hymn, still there will be great occasions in great churches when ambitious choirs will display their talents on it, and when the people below will need a copy of the hymn as a "libretto." But when such a hymn as this is to be inserted in a book which will bring it to the homes of thousands, who will see no other translation, then the very best, if possible the *standard* version alone, should be employed. The Catholics have shown good sense and good taste by selecting for the "St. Vincent Manual" the translation of the Protestant Roscommon. Our compilers had three versions from which to choose. They might have taken that of Gen. Dix, which would have been gratifying to the loyal members of the Church and a graceful compliment to so distinguished a lay member, and would have secured also the Church the best metrical translation of the "Dies Iræ." Or they might have taken the British version of Dr. Irons, which would have had the advantage of conforming the words of the Prayer-Book

to the words and music of the "Hymnal Noted." Or they might have taken the old, established, and ever to be admired translation of Roscommon. What have the compilers given to the Church? Their version opens with three false English rhymes :

" Day of wrath ! that day of mourning,
See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning."

Examining it further, we find that the body of the hymn is the version of Dr. Irons, but altered, patched, and mutilated. Some of these changes are bad and all are needless. The only alteration which is justifiable is the change of the Latin "Jesu" to its English form. Corrections are often worse than the faults they seek to remove, and the amount of the injury can never be measured by the amount of the alteration. In the third stanza the compilers have but a part of the last line; in the fifth they change but a single word. Yet the latter is worse than the former. This alteration furnishes an instance of the madness of tinkering. The stanza in the original refers to the last judgment, and the translation of Dr. Irons correctly expresses that idea. Upon the day of *judgment* is to be brought the book of *judgment*, and from its record *judgment* is to be awarded. The compilers change "judgment" to "justice" and make nonsense of the verse.

The thirteenth stanza is not by Dr. Irons, but has been taken from the version of Gen. Dix. Yet, even when interpolating a solitary stanza from another author, the mania for tinkering could not be resisted.

We quote it to illustrate the needlessness and bad taste of the alterations :

GEN. DIX.

“Thou to Mary gav’st remission,
Heard’st the dying thief’s petition,
Bad’st me hope in my contrition.”

THE HASH.

“Thou the harlot gav’st remission,
Heard’st the dying thief’s petition ;
Hopeless else were my condition.”

The word which is substituted in the first line is not in the original, and is not in the Bible ; it is needless, coarse and repulsive ; it does not contain a new idea, but repeats the old idea in a low form. There are people who seem to suppose that such words can be used with impunity, so long as it is religious composition into which they are stuffed. It is time that this supposition be extinguished, and people taught that low and vulgar words *needlessly* used remain coarse and vulgar wherever placed or by whomsoever spoken.

What, then, is the version of the great “Dies Iræ” which the joint committee has placed in the hymnal of the Episcopal Church, to stand forever in her book of prayer, and to be said and sung daily and hourly by her children? It may be analyzed thus: Six stanzas are from the version of Dr. Irons, tinkered ; the thirteenth is by General Dix, also tinkered ; while the three false rhymes of the first are original with the joint committee.

When a great name is attached to a hymn the ordinary supposition is that the hymn was written by the

owner of the name. This supposition is almost groundless when applied to the "Additional Hymns." For when the members of the joint committee have exercised the extraordinary self-denial of not tinkering an author's lines, they still have been unable to resist the temptation of transposing, inverting, and rearranging them. The mediæval hymns are not classical Latin, but many of their translations are classical English. One would think that the most ruthless committee would at least spare Dryden and Dr. Neale. Let us see what our committee has done.

"The Seven Great Hymns" contains the "Veni Creator" (ascribed by some to Charlemagne, by others to Gregory the Great) and also the "paraphrase" of Dryden. The compilers take several parts of the translation, make no mention of the venerable original, and call the hymn Dryden's. It is true that the *words* are Dryden's. It is even true that the lines are Dryden's; but these lines of Dryden's are thrown together in this wise: the first four form the first stanza of the hymn; the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth form the second stanza; then the seventh, eighth, *fifth*, and *sixth* turn a summersault over each other and turn up as the third stanza! And these literary gymnastics are called Dryden's!

The celebrated "Alleluiatic Sequence" of Godescalcus is translated by Dr. Neale in one of the most melodious and finished translations ever made of any poem. "And," says its author, "every sentence, I almost said every word, of the version was carefully

fitted to the music, and the length of the lines corresponds to the length of each *tropæion* in the original."

Yet this could not be spared. Dr. Neale writes:

"To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing."

The compilers hunt out the insignificant little word "to," and substitute "for." Dr. Neale writes:

"They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright home, Alleluia."

The compilers re-write:

"They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell, Alleluia."

The poem contains the following beautiful passage:

"Ye clouds that onward sweep!
Ye winds on pinions light!
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep!
Ye lightnings wildly bright!
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia."

The compilers (we are not jesting) actually have transposed these alternate rhymes! Dr. Johnson said that Gray should have omitted the expletives from the "Elegy." If the joint committee had manufactured a hymn out of it, they doubtless would have combined this idea with their own, and then we should have had:

"The curfew tolls the knell of day,
The ploughman homeward plods his way,
The herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
And leave the world to you and me."

This is ridiculous: but there is one hymn in the collection which, to many readers, will appear little less than sacrilegious. "The Celestial Country" of Dr.

Neale, from the Latin of the Monk of Cluni, is among the spiritually lovely poems of the language, and has taken such a strong hold upon religious minds as few works in prose or poetry have ever done. When a reader stumbles upon a hymn taken from the refreshing poem which he loves, he brightens at the discovery and congratulates himself that his favorite is to become known in part to others. But when he reads a little further and finds that it is not a quotation ; that neither language nor thought nor sentiment has been retained ; that the lines which have been read in sickness and in sorrow have been fished out and jumbled together as children "cap verses," then something rises up within him to prevent his ever forgiving or accepting the barbarism. Of such a character is the hymn beginning "For thee, oh dear, dear country ;" and bad as the other mutilations are, those of this hymn exceed belief. In "The Celestial Country" are two passages which, in their proper place, are so spiritual, so exquisitely beautiful, that no reader ever passed them unnoticed. To illustrate this we quote the two stanzas precisely as they are printed in the "Seven Great Hymns :"

"*JESUS the Gem of Beauty,
True GOD and Man,' they sing,
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring ;
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of his Court,
The Day-star of salvation,
The Porter and the Port !*"

"THOU HAST NO SHORE, FAIR OCEAN !
THOU HAST NO TIME, BRIGHT DAY !

DEAR FOUNTAIN OF REFRESHMENT
 TO PILGRIMS FAR AWAY !
 UPON THE ROCK OF AGES
 THEY RAISE THY HOLY TOWER ;
 THINE IS THE VICTOR'S LAUREL,
 AND THINE THE GOLDEN DOWER !"

From these stanzas the compilers have extracted the finest figure—have hitched to it a passage with which it has no connection in thought, or style, or contiguity, and have reduced it to mere rhyme and bad grammar, in the following stanza :

" Oh one, oh only mansion,
 Oh paradise of joy,
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles *have no alloy* ;
 Thou hast no *shores*, fair ocean,
 Thou hast no time, bright day,
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away."

But even this is not all. The thirty-fourth stanza of "The Celestial Country" (we cite from the "Seven Great Hymns," in which alone it is divided into numbered stanzas) contains these lines :

" Jerusalem the glorious,
The glory of the elect,
 O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect."

The forty-second stanza contains these :

" *O sweet and blessed country,*
 Shall I ever see thy face ?
O sweet and blessed country,
 Shall I ever win thy grace ?"

Will it be believed that such remote and discon-

nected lines have been extracted and brought together thus?—

*“ Oh sweet and blessed country,
The home of God’s elect!
Oh sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect.*

Jesus in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father
And Spirit ever blest.”

The last four lines, it is to be observed, are not a part of “The Celestial Country,” but are the work of some other author. Does any other hymnal in the English language possess another such a specimen of conglomerate as this unhappy stanza?

The leading and intelligent minds of the Episcopal Church will not accept these mutilated and injured hymns. The originals are too well known to suffer these spurious copies to be accepted or forgotten. Within the last two years there has sprung up a wonderful interest in these old lyrics of the mediæval church. As that study increases, this subject will be reconsidered. The student who comes back to his Prayer-Book to find that it is false to the authors who enrich its pages, will seek to purify it. The clergyman who knows the original hymn will never inflict on his congregation the spurious copy. Time will right the error, if the Church be not wise enough to right it now.

AMERICAN MINISTERS ABROAD.

THE Motley correspondence brought prominently into view some of the many small miseries and inconveniences which those have to undergo who have the honor or the misfortune to represent the United States at foreign courts. In the first place, as diplomacy is not a profession with us, the men who do our diplomatic business are rarely trained for it—a circumstance which, if they only know the language of the countries to which they are sent, and possess some familiarity with the ways of European society, we do not consider a very great disadvantage as far as the conduct of the business is concerned. We have, on the whole, fared very well in most of the great negotiations which we have had to carry on, and have had, whenever we have taken pains, little difficulty in finding matches for the wariest and astutest of European statesmen. But, then, the very fact that diplomacy is not a profession in this country, and that all kinds of men are, for all sorts of reasons, sent to represent us abroad, inevitably lessens the social consideration enjoyed by even our best ministers. The best man we

can select suffers more or less at the outset, from the fact that he is not a member of a regular calling, and that his fitness, either natural or acquired, *may* have had nothing whatever to do with his appointment. Then he has, in a measure, to bear a portion of the legacy of disgrace bequeathed by those who in the old Democratic days got drunk at this court, did not pay their bills at that one, and had street-fights at another, and at a fourth lived in an attic and did their own cooking. So that each American minister, instead of finding a high social position ready-made for him, as the diplomatists of other nations do, is apt to have to make one for himself. The presumptions, in fact, instead of being favorable to him, are too often against him. This is a small matter in the case of men like Motley or Adams or Marsh, whose character and standing are already known in Europe; but some of their obscure brethren have found that being an American minister did not at first smooth their path in foreign society.

In the next place, the European and the American theories of the use of foreign legations differ very materially. To European governments the conduct of negotiations is but one part, and often only a subordinate part, of a minister's business. In fact, it is very common, when affairs of importance are under discussion, to send out an envoy extraordinary to supersede, or at least act as adjunct, to the regular resident. The main object of European governments in keeping an ambassador at foreign courts is to get information of the

temper, feelings, and opinions and tendencies of the classes who control the affairs of each country, so that when difficult crises arise the government at home may have such knowledge of the persons with whom it is dealing and of the influences by which these persons are affected as will help it to determine what it shall ask or what it shall yield. The duty of the diplomatist is, in other words, rather to supply facts than to make bargains or express opinions. Now, the qualities which fit a man to do this sort of work effectually are those which would fit a man to shine in the "good society" of any country—good manners, a good deal of social experience, a fair share of talent for conversation, considerable knowledge of the world in which he is moving, skill in entertaining in his own house and money enough to do it with, and, above all else, a good knowledge of French, and also, in most cases, of the language of the country to which he is accredited. But French is always indispensable; we do not mean by "French" the horrible jargon in which the mass of Americans and Englishmen order their beefsteaks in Parisian restaurants, but French which will fit a man to talk easily and pleasantly on any subject which is likely to come up at a dinner-table, to mark the finer distinctions in his own thoughts and catch those which are made by others in theirs, to play his part in a little badinage, to carry him comfortably over as much literature or metaphysics as is likely to present itself in the salon, and to qualify him to discuss any political subject with firmness and precision. No European diplomatist is con-

sidered fit for his place who has not at least the foregoing accomplishments. His government, if it be that of a first-class power, pays him enough to entertain freely and handsomely without encroaching on his private fortune, and generally provides him with a good house. What it exacts of him is that he shall be civil to such of his own countrymen as are of a certain rank, that he shall mingle constantly and freely in foreign society, and keep his eyes and ears open, and report regularly and faithfully what he sees and hears. Most of his work is really done at dinner-tables and evening parties, and in clubs and in private chit-chat. Treaties, protocols, and "notes" rarely contain anything which has not been settled, or, at all events, shadowed forth over the wine and the nuts in town and country houses. The European ambassador is protected also from too heavy drafts on his hospitality by the custom which gives nobody a claim on his social recognition who is not a member of the court circle at home, that is, who has not been, or might not be, if he chose, presented to his own sovereign. This not only keeps down the number of claimants on the minister's attention, but saves him the necessity of having to sift for himself those of his country men and women who want to go into foreign society under his wing.

The American idea of the uses of an ambassador differs widely from the foregoing. The public here is so little used to seeing any political results accomplished by purely social influences, or in fact in any way but through the ordinary process of agitation, speech-

making, and article-writing, that it would never think of selecting an ambassador for his social gifts. We are so far removed from government by classes or coteries, that nine-tenths of our people would be greatly amused if asked to give a man a high office because he spoke French well, could give handsome dinners, and made himself very agreeable in drawing-rooms. The claims in a candidate for a diplomatic mission which most commend themselves to the majority of our political managers, who in this only reflect the popular sentiment, are, of course, his political services in the last party struggle, and his ability as a political speaker or writer, or as a lawyer. Occasionally the standard rises higher ; it did so during Mr. Lincoln's administration under the pressure of terrible danger from abroad, but this is of rare occurrence.

Consequently, the chances are that when one of our ministers goes abroad, he finds himself unprovided with any of the tools which his brother diplomatists are using. He has, probably, never cultivated society much, and has no great powers of conversation. His knowledge of European life and habits of thought is imperfect ; his knowledge of French so slight as to condemn him either to total silence or pantomime in general society. The Government gives him about the salary which would enable him to make a good show in a New England country town, and no house ; and, nevertheless, makes it his sacred duty to pay every possible civility to every American man, woman, or child who can by hook or crook muster enough money

to pay his or her expenses to the door of the legation. Fifty years ago, when it took six weeks with a fair wind to get from New York to Liverpool, and when a journey on the European Continent was done in diligences and post-chaises, and when only the Ticknors and Sillimans and Irvings had made their way over, it was easy enough for an American minister to open his door to all his fellow-citizens and take them round to see the King after dinner. But the times have changed. Tens of thousands now cross the Atlantic every spring, of whom three-eighths belong to a class which in no other country in the world possesses the means of making the "grand tour," or ever thinks of it. Of late years a very large proportion of the very wealthiest have been persons who have made fortunes rapidly, and to say the least are not attractive in mind or manners. They swarm now in every European capital, and having plenty of diamonds and shawls, and couriers and maids, they see no reason why the European salons should not be open to them. They are nearly always determined at all events to go to court, and to make the minister take them, and the unfortunate man in most cases dares not refuse. He is pricked on the one side by the thorns of European etiquette, which he knows makes it improper for him to take people of certain callings or position into the presence of royalty; and he is assailed on the other by the fear of being abused and held up to popular odium at home as a snob and a flunky, a servile imitator of the bloated and effete aristocracy. He is sure to be made miserable

whichever course he adopts, and as the opinion of his own countrymen is after all what is of most importance to him, he generally succumbs, and ushers them into the court drawing-rooms in great droves, which furnish a laughing-stock to the other diplomatists and the society of the place. This the droves do not mind, however ; they see the Empress and show their own clothes, and those may laugh who win.

The late Mr. Mason, during his occupancy of the Paris mission, was in this particular one of the most kind-hearted of men, and never had the heart to refuse anybody who wanted a peep at the Tuileries on state occasions. So he introduced Tom, Dick, and Harry to the Empress, and at last introduced a German barber, whose profession, though he went to court in the sacred character of an American citizen, somebody had the cruelty to reveal to her Majesty, who was highly indignant thereat, the European theory being that the palace is the king's own house, and that he has as much right to choose who shall come into it as his guests as any private citizen in Fifth Avenue or Beacon Street has to select his company. The result was that it was determined at court to make an effort to sift the American applications for invitations and presentations, and when Mr. Dayton arrived and sent in his list, he was asked to annex to each name the "*qualité*," *i.e.*, calling or condition of the owner. This he declined to do, and the invitations were not issued, and some scores of women, with their best clothes on and their hair ready dressed, were stricken with consternation.

Somebody intervened at the last moment and had the cards issued, so that much suffering and disappointment was saved, but the whole party received a severe scolding from Mr. Seward, who painted in glowing colors the vanity of court life, and the indecency of being abroad begging for Imperial invitations when the country was convulsed by civil war. A sensitive minister who mixes much in native society, and knows what the feelings of his brother diplomatists are, probably suffers enough in the course of a year, either from having to take his country men and women to court, or from having to find excuses for not taking them, to entitle him to a retiring pension. It is related that one distinguished diplomatist used, when a letter of introduction was sent up to him, to come down on tiptoe and take a view of the bearer through a chink in the door before receiving him ; if he did not like his appearance, he was not at home ; but if the disappointed visitor was a McCracken, he probably went off and denounced him as a "hater of our institutions" and a servile worshipper of the aristocracy.

Our own opinion is that no American minister of education and character will be able to endure the service, organized as it is, very much longer. The pay is miserably insufficient ; the position is in many ways one of extreme difficulty and embarrassment. American travellers multiply with the growth of the country in wealth, and the impudence and exactions of many of them increase in the ratio of their numbers. Their minister is to a large proportion of them a kind

of *valet de place*, who is bound to secure for them abroad things which in European society are only granted to the possessors either of certain conventional distinctions or to great talents or great charms. And there is not one of them who may not prove any day, as in McCracken's case, a spy and slanderer as well as a bore, if there are men at Washington silly enough or base enough to read and use his tattle. Where the remedy is to be found we do not know, but it must be found somewhere. Either our ministers abroad must be released from all social duties, or they must, in performing them, be allowed to conform to the customs and even prejudices of the society in which they are living.

HORSE-RACING.

AN attempt has been made lately to render horse-racing a "genteel" amusement in this country—something which people belonging to what is called "good society" will go to see, and, seeing, grow fond of—by the opening of a course called the "Jerome Park," near this city. The matter has been taken in hand by the chiefs of what are called "fashionable" circles in New York. A good course has been laid out, a "grand stand" provided, the sale of liquors prohibited, and everything done that money or zeal can do to surround the enterprise with an air of respectability, and, above all, to make the course a "place fit for ladies." Good horses, too, were entered for the opening races; very fair running was made; the weather was fine; the proceedings were marked by the utmost order, and General Grant was there. And yet we have no hesitation in saying that, regarded as an attempt to make horse-racing a national sport to which young and old of all classes will turn with zest for enjoyment, it was a complete failure, and will prove a failure no matter how often repeated. We do not by any means rejoice over

this result. In fact, we regret it ; because we believe horse-racing might improve the breed of horses ; it is not necessarily immoral, and we wish most heartily that some means might be discovered of bringing large bodies of Americans together in the open air for simple amusement without any thought of "instruction." We have no theatres out of New York, and we cannot be exactly said to "unbend" at lectures or mass meetings. But horse-racing is not likely to prove our national game, and we propose to give the reason why, and more especially why the Jerome Park enterprise is likely to prove a failure.

In the first place, that particular form of horse-racing which is the only one which really tests the animal's full powers—galloping full speed under the saddle—is one which excites now hardly any real interest in the Northern States. We are no longer an equestrian community. Not one in a thousand of our men knows how to ride or ever gets into a saddle from year's end to year's end. Without having any special knowledge on the subject, we venture to assert that the principal promoters of this very enterprise—Mr. Jerome himself, for example, or Mr. Belmont, are never seen on horseback and do not particularly enjoy riding. A certain taste for horseback exercise has been developed of late years in New York and other cities, but those who show it might be counted on one's fingers. There are two or three dozen young men and women in New York who ride regularly and enjoy it ; there are some dozen of others, and a few elderly gentlemen,

who take it as a medicine, like bitters or cod-liver oil, to cure dyspepsia, or avert consumption, or ward off the assaults of old age ; but there is not amongst the population at large, or even amongst the class which can afford to keep horses, any hearty love of it, or any interest in horses in their highest and noblest character—saddle-horses.

This is due partly to the fact that to love the saddle, to get into it with zest, one must use it from youth up. But very few of our young men can afford to use it. At the age when physical tastes and habits are formed or developed, our men are generally poor and struggling for subsistence. As they get older they are absorbed in business, and by the time they have won fortune and leisure they are stiff and flabby and nervous. A trot or canter in the saddle has no more attraction for them than exercise on parallel bars. Then, our climate makes riding repulsive to all who have not a strong natural love for it, and whose frame has not become hardened to it. In winter the cold is intense and the roads abominable. In summer the heat is so great as to make all motion exhausting, and the roads are dusty beyond endurance. In the spring and fall the days are so short that for business men the hours given to amusement in the open air would have to be stolen from sleep. Carriages, too, are cheap and comfortable, and in harness one horse can carry more than one man—an important consideration in a country in which, until very recently, large fortunes, and especially hereditary fortunes, were unknown. The result is that

our lads have the same passion for wheeled vehicles and have the same familiarity with the management of them that a Hungarian boy or an English boy of the upper classes has for saddle-horses. The ambition of the American boy with a love for open-air life is, therefore, a wagon and a fast trotter. He does not care for a saddle-horse, and will rarely use one unless as a means of accompanying a girl for whom he begins to feel a "penchant," as the novel-writers say. The saddle-horse is, in a certain sense, a strange animal to him, which he ought, perhaps, to enjoy using, and of which he feels bound to speak respectfully, but which he does not take to. He is interested about trotting, harness, wagons, blankets to wrap his feet in, but about saddles, bridles, and "running" or galloping, he is not interested. His first luxury is a one-horse team; as he gets older and richer he increases the number, and reaches the summit of his ambition when, like Mr. Jerome, he possesses and drives a four-in-hand, or, like Mr. Vanderbilt or Mr. Bonner, has \$15,000 or \$20,000 invested in a pair which can outstrip everything he meets.

Therefore, to most of those who went to the races at the Jerome Park—outside the old set who go to all races for the sake of betting—the galloping of horses under the saddle was not very exciting or interesting. Americans are thoroughly utilitarian even in their sports, and the uselessness of speed in running is probably present to the minds of nine men out of ten, and women too, every time they witness it. That it is the

natural pace of the horse, that it is only in it that his full powers are brought into play, and that its effects on breeding are likely to be good, are considerations too remote to affect the crowd. Trotting they understand; fast trotting every man who gets into a wagon can turn to account—but “running” seems a sort of idle trick, like those taught circus horses. In fact, we have heard cantering—one of the most graceful of paces, and that which, on account of its ease for the rider, is far better adapted to summer riding in our climate than trotting—sworn at on account of its resemblance to the performances in the arena.

Now, to make racing under the saddle popular and national, it must be begotten by the national tastes and habits. There is only one country in the Western world in which it can be said to be thus produced, and that is England. The taste for saddle exercise is there kept up by the time-honored practice of fox-hunting, which makes it the darling ambition of every boy to be able to “ride to hounds,” and of every man who can muster the means to be in the saddle as much as possible. The climate, too, favors it, as there is no season of the year in which active exercise in the open air is not, as far as temperature is concerned, perfectly agreeable. Races there owed their origin to the desire of improving the breed of hunters, and hunters are used by the whole upper class—men bred to the saddle from their infancy, and exercising a most powerful influence on all the classes below them. The practice once begun, it has been kept up partly by the love of

horse-flesh thus developed, and partly by the love of gambling amongst those who know and care nothing about horse-flesh, and partly by fashion.

It is needless to point out how widely different the circumstances are under which the amusement is revived at the North. Those who are bolstering it up here do not stand to the community in the same relation in which the English patrons of the turf stand to English society. Our patrons of horse-racing are not the cream of our society, either mentally or physically or morally. Their influence and example go for absolutely nothing, except amongst a small set of not very refined people in New York, who are attempting in various ways a reproduction, by no means successful, of the follies and absurdities of French life. Even in Paris, where there is a court and a real aristocracy bred to "manly sports," it has been found impossible to make horse-racing a national amusement, in spite of the encouragement given it by the Government and men of rank and fashion, and for the very reason which bars its success here—the fact that the French are not an equestrian people, and do not as a community use the saddle. The races at Longchamps, in spite of the *éclat* given them by the court, are attended by the Parisians as a "spectacle," just as a review of troops on the Champs de Mars, and not because they care one straw about the horses. When the races are over, nobody outside the small betting circle round the Jockey Club knows the name of the winning horse, or at least cares to know, or has five sous depending on the result ; for the French

do not, for some reason or other, seem to take to this form of gambling.

In the second place, racing, even in England, where it is found in perhaps greater perfection than anywhere else, has proved, in so far as it professes to be of material use, a dead failure. The great utilitarian argument in its favor has been that it improved the breed of horses. It is now confessed that it not only does nothing of the kind, but that its influence on horse-breeding is bad, and is every day growing worse. All the great trainers and amateurs acknowledge this with lamentations; for some years back the press has teemed with suggestions of remedy or reform. It has been found that the race-course has developed the love of gambling far more rapidly than the love of horse-flesh, so that the practice has grown up of running leggy, weedy, half-developed two and three-year olds, with just constitution enough for a short dash to decide the bets, but not enough to keep them alive or worth their feed after one or two races. A powerful horse, with plenty of wind and bottom and in the prime of his life, is now a rare sight on the English turf, and the rickety condition of the thorough-breds of course gradually affects saddle-horses of all other grades. The real lovers of the horse, and particularly the patrons of the hunting-field, in which all a horse's powers are really needed, have been for years greatly alarmed by this state of things, and have been racking their brains for a cure. One of the latest propositions with this view was that the Prince of Wales should offer a prize

for four-year-olds to run a four-mile race, thus tempting breeders to rear horses to maturity before bringing them out. But no such plan is ever likely to produce much effect. The sums of money that are now staked on races at Epsom and Ascot and Newmarket are enormous, and the temptation which besets a man who has a colt or filly that can make a good burst for a mile, even if it drops down dead at the end, to bring it out at once, is not likely to be overcome by any prize that can be offered. The horse has in fact become, on the English turf, a mere instrument for deciding bets, a kind of "little joker" whose absolute goodness is of very small importance provided he is relatively fast. If he gets in before anything else, it does not make the least difference whether he makes a mile in a minute or a mile in five minutes. In short, the turf has ceased to exercise any improving influence on the breed of horses, while it has done much to injure the morals of the community; many of its most respectable supporters have been driven into closing their stables by the disgust excited by the scoundrels with whom racing brings them in contact. The turf is almost given over to blacklegs and blackguards, fellows with whom an honest man cannot even bet without contamination, and the mania for betting has gone down through all classes of the community. The example of the aristocracy has infected every other class. Merchants bet, clerks bet, and errand-boys bet. Not a Derby-day passes that there are not defalcations discovered amongst unfortunate shopmen and employees whom

the gambling mania has driven into crime. A whole class of professional swindlers, too, called "racing prophets," has risen into existence, which trades on the credulity of the betting world by pretending to be able to tell the name of the horse that is to win, or to supply information about training stables to assist in forming an opinion, and openly seeks its dupes through advertisements in the sporting and Sunday papers. It is needless to say what the effect would be here, with our greater excitability of temperament, if horse-racing ever became an object of general interest, and the turf were not abandoned, as it now is, to as thorough a set of sharpers as ever disgraced a moral and religious community.



SOME OF OUR SOCIAL PHILOSOPHERS.

THE riddle of the painful earth is naturally more guessed at in the middle of Yankee land than in other regions. Down South one rather exacting social problem and the nocturnal patrol duty which its presence entailed, distracted all attention from other questions of like nature. These are mostly of recent growth, and our Southern brethren are still bowing down to Dr. Johnson in literature, Dr. Jalap in medicine, Dr. John Knox in religion and theology ; and in sociology, so far as it has been studied, Dr. Nott and Mr. Legree were pretty good authorities up to a very recent date. The negro and the Jewish Scriptures of the Old Testament beat the Gospels and the Reformers quite out of the field. In Baltimore, to be sure, the novel of "Emily Chester" was produced, but that apotheosis of goose-flesh was preceded by nothing like it and followed by nothing like it—it was paroxysmal and exceptional, and, besides, before it was published, Maryland was a free State.

Here, in New York, we have Carl Benson, and we used to have Fanny Fern, who now and then shed us a ray of light on social questions. But the latter has long been mute, we believe, and the fern leaves are blown away, vanished out of sight and out of mind. The former makes less impression than, with his abilities and opportunities, he ought, and we fear will never be as useful to American society as he deserves to be. He is apt to look at it from the window of his family coach ; but this vehicle is so uncommon a *locus standi* for observers in this country that not many people can be at all expected to see things as he sees them, and he can never address a thoroughly appreciative audience till we get ourselves all ranged in ordered classes, with the proper gulf fixed between Dives and Lazarus, and Dives and Lazarus properly placed relatively to the gulf and each other. But that, it is likely, will never happen, Democracy being so much in love with itself. Though it is unwashed, ungrateful, fierce, and a failure, and makes the judicious grieve for these its many faults, it adds to them impudent self-complacency and robust perverseness ; to commit suicide because only its friends like its behavior, and other people are really compelled to confess themselves hardly satisfied with all it does, it quite refuses.

In Massachusetts, however, we count our social philosophers not by ones and twos ; they are many. There are Mrs. Stowe, and the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and Gail Hamilton, and Timothy Titcomb, and the author of "Moods," and the author of "Young

Knighthood," and not a few more who, if they do not speak for themselves, need never, in Massachusetts, be at a loss for some league or association to speak for them. If Carl Benson habitually conceives of existence from the point of view of a wealthy gentleman with town-house and country-house, to whom life comes in seasons—as the season for woodcock, for yachting, for returning to the city ; who possesses butler, picture-gallery, library, and many ounces of plate, Mrs. Stowe as habitually conceives of it as a succession of forenoons with chores and housework, and an occasional story of a squirrel to a small nephew hanging round the bread-tray, and a succession of afternoons with knitting and a book at home ; abroad, a soldier's aid association, perhaps, or Dorcas society ; perhaps a run into Messrs. Williams & Everett's ; and perhaps a call on Mrs. Marvyn, who, we suppose, must now be reading "Ecce Homo," or pensively perusing "Les Apôtres," for the improvement of her time and mind.

She is shrewd and humorous and often poetical, but above all things she is matronly and motherly. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is slavery exposed ; but slavery as it affects the mansion of the master and the hut of the slave, the domestic relations, the life of the hearthstone, and only incidentally is it revealed in its other aspects. It was the shiftlessness of its household management more than its wicked features which was trying to the soul of Miss Ophelia. Dred, and Agnes of Sorrento, we are not, as yet, familiar with ; but the "Minister's Wooing," certainly that was carried

on amid notable housekeeping and much dress-making—and Dr. Hopkins's singing angel of a Mary Scudder, Mrs. Stowe, with characteristic wisdom, makes an excellent plain cook, as knowing that if the road by way of the eyes and ears is the shortest to a man's heart before marriage, after marriage, even in the case of the saintly man, the shortest road lies down his throat. And nowadays being wise with the wisdom which it gives to bear, to nurse, to rear, to watch, to lay out the dead, to comfort the living, to order the household well, to chronicle small beer, and devise recipes, she naturally takes to the chimney corner, talking kindly, sensibly, wittily, and sometimes, let us confess, just a little prosily, as one may in one's own chimney corner; and all the young married men, and young married women, and those who contemplate matrimony, and gentlemen whose wives now and then nag viciously and show temper and will not be amenable to the voice of reason, and wives themselves who, after all, it is to be remembered, can frequently on such occasions plead that inflictions sore long time they bore from servant girls, and these latter, perpetual emigrants—all may sit at her feet and learn of her the proper conduct of life in kitchen, parlor, and pantry.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table evidently by preference would be autocrat of the Monday morning breakfast table of an evangelical church-going family. It is a fresh sermon that he likes to take for the text of his monologue. And as it is not always Monday morning, he shrewdly gets board at a table where there

is a divinity student, and so the dissection of dogmas is always in order. The particular dogma of future punishment, and the hopeless eternity of it, get attention in "Elsie Venner"—a scientific romance of the destiny which a physician can discern in blood and nervous tissue, the physiologist's flat contradiction of the Westminster divine. This is the motive, as the French would say, of works which not the Westminster divine himself would deny flow from a reservoir of observation and thought, and a natural fountain of wit and humor.

Timothy Titcomb Holland has such a Tupperian talent for truisms that his talent for truths can hardly be immense, so we hesitate the less about refusing to take his word when he informs us that in writing to young men and young women he is as a brother. A brother is of some particular sex, we at once reply, displaying an astuteness which reminds us of Timothy himself, and a conclusiveness which does not remind us of him at all. To him, as Shakespeare says he could, the poet of imagination all compact might give a local habitation and a name; but for us to decide upon his position is as difficult as it might be easy, and must be impolite, to say what it is that he writes. We had the advantage of reading him for the first time in an italicized copy of his works, too, for, before we had it from the library, it had passed under the pencils of several young ladies. But we found this black-lead commentary of more value in showing us that he wrote either too feebly, or just feebly enough for a young

ladies' boarding-school than in aiding us to discover why he should write at all, or from what standing-point he viewed the world. Perhaps he knew some of the families, alas, how numerous ! which have on their book-shelf five secular books—Abbott's "Life of Napoleon ;" "The Prince of the House of David ;" a gift-enterprise illustrated work on India, China, and Japan ; Headley's "Washington and his Generals ;" and a combination volume containing the "Proverbial Philosophy," Henry Kirke White, and Pollok's "Course of Time"—and knowing them, decided to write as one who had found a market, and deliberately addresses these numerous families of the house of Titcomb as Mrs. Stowe addresses families in general, and Carl Benson our first families, and the Autocrat families with evangelical family altars.

Of the sex of Gail Hamilton, whose new book is the cause of these remarks, there is not the least doubt. She is an unmistakable woman when Mr. Gilfillan is not her theme, not without the pertness and tartness with which every Halicarnassus is acquainted, with the audacity which knows it is charming, with a trifle of what a bachelor disputing with her might call the female tendency to brag that if she cannot argue she can *feel*, with the alleged willingness of lovely, lively woman not only to speak her mind, which is much, but to speak anyhow, which is something more. Gail Hamilton, as she confesses, is theological, for she cannot help it, being essentially a Puritan. Mr. Vallandigham

would not recognize her, nor Colonel L. P. Milligan, of Indiana, and we doubt if Mrs. Hemans would, or most painters in the grand style, or Professor Charles Kingsley (but this is a historical question), or any Englishman with "The Scarlet Letter" in hand ; but let a man study the last developments of the spirit of Puritanism in its adopted and more kindly home, learn what Palfrey and Lowell can teach him, and visit Concord—a thing which can be thoroughly done without travelling—and he perceives that Gail Hamilton is a graceful twig, frequently a switch, perhaps, of the old Protestant stock. Equally with Cotton Mather or Jonathan Edwards she lives in a world which has heaven close above it and hell close underneath it, though hers is not exactly the hell and heaven of two hundred years ago ; but the difference is not in the boundaries of her earth nor the nearness of them. So, down on the farm in the hay country, the meeting-house in sight, the ancient church of Ipswich and the ancient church of Chebacco, with their incidental villages, not far away, she is theological and polemical and religious by virtue of being alive. "Summer Rest," her last volume, with a title, by the way, as pretty and as inconsequent as it ought to be, will show all her characteristics, warlike and otherwise, her surface flippancy and foolishness, her real earnestness and honesty, her womanly goodness and her good sense, her keenness of thought, her independence, her horrible and shameless puns, her frolic and sly humor and dry humor and wit, and her

eagerness to do to-day in her generation what her Puritan fathers were doing generations ago in their day—working in the fear of God to free, so far as it may be freed, the human spirit.

WASTE.

It will not be very strange if our remote posterity have rather a poor opinion of us, their excellent ancestors. They will have learned so much of which we are ignorant that our civilization, admirable as it is, may appear somewhat rude to them. Happy as we are, the time may come, when we shall seem to still happier generations to have had but scant experience of the good things of this world. They will hardly look back to our days, as Dante did to those of his ancestor Cacciaguida, or as we look back to pre-revolutionary times, as presenting a picture of delightful simplicity of manners and innocence of living. And yet they will not give us credit for having gained much in place of our lost innocence. It would be a little trying, but perhaps it is not impossible that they may even regard us as having hardly got out of the woods of barbarism, and may detect underneath our superficial pretences the old habits of the savage still clinging to us.

We are, indeed, so well off that even this poor opinion need not matter much to us. But we might, if we chose, be a good deal better off. The arrange-

ments for the comfort, quiet, and enjoyment of daily life are, to say the least, not quite so perfect as they might be. M. Blot's excellent lectures on cookery are a rather sharp criticism on our tastes and manners. Will not some other M. Blot come to teach us how to dress well, or how to build and furnish comfortable houses?

Who knows how to be rich in America? Plenty of people know how to get money ; but not very many know what best to do with it. To be rich properly is, indeed, a fine art. It requires culture, imagination, and character. A man who should practise this art with success would be one of the greatest benefactors of his time. He might win a pure fame and leave an enduring example. To be rich is to be able to be magnanimous ; to conceive and to execute large, splendid, and permanent designs. It is to be at ease and to set others at ease. It is only the rich man who does not know how to be rich that finds it hard to enter into the kingdom of heaven. The man who knows the art passes through even this life, to use one of the fine phrases of Marcus Aurelius, "like one who has entrusted to the gods, with his whole soul, all that he has." Suppose such a rich man to live in our time ! "Assuredly," said Solon to Cræsus, "he who possesses great store of riches is no nearer happiness than he who has what suffices for his daily needs ;" but surely he has some means of happiness which the other does not possess.

One of the signs of the barbaric as distinguished

from the civilized temper is the tendency to waste ; and the less waste in a community, the higher, other things being equal, is its civilization. Our social organization does not come out well if tried by this test. We Americans are given to wastefulness. It is the reaction from the parsimony and narrow frugalities of the hard early days of the nation, and is one of the consequences of our rapid growth in wealth. New York wastes every day more than would have supplied all its wants fifty years ago ; and, what is worse, it wastes the very source of its own prosperity. Dirt is honest and useful matter in the wrong place. To correct this misplacement occupies a great part of the life of every man. The accumulation of dirt on a large scale is productive of innumerable offences and dangers to society. To utilize this accumulation by its proper distribution is one of the chief objects of social organization ; to waste it is to destroy one of the chief elements of social prosperity. It has been well said that the value of the dirt of a city in any given time is far greater than that of any single product of industry or any article of commerce. No gold mine is so full of value as the dirt of our streets. It is on the proper distribution and application of this dirt, or its replacement in its right position, that the very life of the city in the long run depends.

England has been lately warned by a high authority of the fatal diminution of her resources and her powers by her rejection and waste of the dirt of her cities. What the city draws to herself from the country and

turns to dirt, must be returned to the country if the land is to remain capable of sustaining the continuous drain. Nature takes a slow but sure revenge for the neglect of man. Dirt wasted corrupts the air and the waters, impoverishes the land, breeds pestilence, produces poverty, and increases misery. Dirt utilized makes the land rich, supplies the stores of nature, diminishes poverty, increases happiness, and lengthens life. And yet we waste our dirt and tax ourselves to pay the expense attending the waste of it.

Our habit of wastefulness shows itself in the very construction of our cities. Hardly a house in New York is a hundred years old. The city has been pulled down and rebuilt within the memory of man. It is likely to be pulled down and rebuilt again before the end of the century. This is, no doubt, due in part to the absolute requirements of progress, to the change in habits and in business, and to a natural growth. But, however much of the rebuilding may be assigned to these causes, there is still much that is merely and disastrously wasteful ; for the waste of labor, of capital, of design, involved in this constant process of destruction and renewal is beyond computation. Each successive generation has to do over again work that might be done once for all. Work lasts but twenty years which should last for a thousand. The accumulation of capital is impeded, labor is employed unproductively, progress in all cultivation is retarded, and the plainest dictates of economy and good sense are set at naught. New York seems to fulfil the suggestion of Mr. Haw-

thorne's cynical humor, that no dwelling should be allowed to serve for more than one generation of men. One of the reasons why we fail to rival the Old World in the possession of the products of civilization, is that we have spent and are spending so much of our time and wealth and energy in doing work over and over again. The palaces of Venice were not more costly than the palaces of the Fifth Avenue. But those of the Fifth Avenue have no tenure of existence. The palaces of Florence are old, but better than new. How shall the arts flourish among us if their best productions are to be more short-lived than the artist?

For the mere material waste implied in this destruction and rebuilding is not all. We fling away the inheritance of memories and associations which dignify and exalt life, which connect it by visible monuments with the past and the future. Both the imagination and the affections suffer where there is nothing venerable for them to cling to, where there is no hope of permanence for their highest achievements. We make our lives barren by this waste.

Fine as our houses look, comfortable as many of them are, they have not grown out of the heart. They miss the essence of home. They are but the lodging places of a family, and next year they will be to let to new inmates. In one of his delightful descriptions of an English place Mr. Hawthorne says :

“ All about the house and domain there is a perfection of comfort and domestic taste, an amplitude of convenience, which could have been brought about only by the slow ingenuity and labor of

many successive generations, intent upon adding all possible improvement to the home where years gone by and years to come give a sort of permanence to the intangible present. An American is sometimes tempted to fancy that only by this long process can real homes be produced. One man's lifetime is not enough for the accomplishment of such a work of art and nature, almost the greatest merely temporary one that is confided to him; too little, at any rate—yet perhaps too long when he is discouraged by the idea that he must make his house warm and delightful for a miscellaneous race of successors, of whom the one thing certain is that his own grandchildren will not be among them."

This absence of the sense of permanent possession, and hence of interest in the real worth of things, is one main cause of the evil of slight and poor work, which involves not only waste but dishonesty. The dishonesty of poor work may seem of little account to those who are content with make-shifts. But, to look at it from the lowest point of view, bad work costs in the long run far more than good. In many of our trades the thorough workman is rare. Our houses themselves, our furniture, our books, our shoes, too often give the plainest evidence of the prevalence of bad work. It is in the main our own fault, for we are apt to prefer a so-called cheapness to excellence. We have, too, so much work to do that we slight it all. But the careless workman is, according to Proverbs, "brother to him that is a great waster."

Another most prevalent source of waste among us, and another indication of the Oriental barbarism of our tastes, is in our fondness for mere extravagance and display unaccompanied by refinement or comfort.

The upholstery of a steamboat saloon or a hotel parlor, the white satin hangings of the silly "bridal apartments," the wearisome excess of delicacies at our public and private entertainments, and the style of much of the dressing of our women, are among the most obvious instances of an extravagance which is purely wasteful, without any compensation of elegance, luxury, or even splendor. We are young and fond of youthful follies, and shall get over them in time, no doubt ; but it is a pity that our good sense should be bullied by the vanity of "shoddy" and "petroleum."

The readers of Mr. Marsh's admirable book on "Man and Nature" will not have forgotten how strikingly he exhibits the wasteful manner of our dealing with nature herself, and with what force he sets forth the penalties that follow upon it. The resources of nature are inexhaustible ; but man may exhaust the stores which she has provided for his use, and may so deal with her as to prevent her from replenishing them. Already the great continental forests, wantonly desolated, begin to fail in their supply. The destruction of the woods diminishes the stream of the rivers, and the axe in the hands of the wasteful wood-cutter cuts off the waters from our mills and lessens the tonnage in our river ports. We kill the goose who laid daily the golden egg. Like profligates, we waste the inheritance of our children, and hand down to them the ancient estate encumbered with post-obits, the records of our useless squanderings.

DRESS AND ITS CRITICS.

It has recently become popular, if not fashionable, to promulgate diatribes against the extravagant toilets of American women. On the other hand, many foreigners have openly remarked, and not a few natives more quietly observed, a growing inattention to dress, a tendency to shabbiness and slovenliness, on the part of American men. The misogynist would probably explain at once that the former phenomenon was the direct cause of the latter ; the lords of creation cannot attire themselves properly, because the ladies of creation—their wives and daughters—spend all the money for their own adornment. But the complaint against female extravagance is as old as imperial Rome, nay, as republican Athens ; it has often coincided with the greatest displays of male dandyism ; and besides, this hypothesis omits all consideration of unmarried men.

Many of the distinctive features of modern male dress may be explained on the obvious principle of convenience and common sense. Take, for instance, the trousers of to-day as compared with the breeches of our great-grandfathers. By-gone wits in various

languages have handed down to us several descriptions of the beaux in former centuries getting into their breeches ; an operation which took nearly as much time and trouble as it now does to launch a man-of-war. For a later example take the cloak. Men by no means old enough to be grandsires can remember when they sported the "full circle," with its dozen yards or thereabouts of blue cloth. Elegant and graceful it was, and, for a carriage ride to a full-dress party, very convenient, but for all other purposes very inconvenient, wherefore it has everywhere given place to some form of great-coat. Even the "stove-pipe" hat is gradually yielding to the "wide-awake."

Influences like these affect all nations ; but something further seems to be at work among ourselves. It would hardly be safe to accept as gospel the dicta of all foreigners, such as Prince Napoleon's friend, who asserted that tailors proper were unknown in the land : "the American buys his clothes at a slop-shop, and wears the same suit till it is worn out ;" or the more recent writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who says that the millionnaires of St. Louis dress like hodmen, and the only decently attired males in the West are the professional gamblers ; but, after paring down these exaggerations, there is a very positive amount of truth in the charge, and it is the more singular from the fact that, till within a few years, Americans were noted for the very opposite quality, too great attention to dress. (*Vide* Thackeray's "Kickleburys on the Rhine," and almost any foreign visitor's book between 1840 and 1860.)

Shall we say that this change is merely another illustration of our national tendency to run from one extreme to another? If so, why do not the women participate in it to a greater extent? Or is it a necessary result of the war? Hardly; for the war has not put down equipages, or dinners, or many things that cost quite as much as a man's wardrobe. Besides, the deficiency is one of care rather than expense: a lack of wash-tub and brush rather than of new broadcloth. Still, war-prices may well have had their share in the result. A comparatively minor expense may change all a man's habits of dress. If he has to pay three dollars instead of one for his dress-gloves, he will begin to economize in them, and, from wearing shabby gloves, he comes rapidly to neglect other details.

One of the main causes of negligence in dress doubtless is the increasing size of our cities and the want of any decent transport for persons of moderate means. Men will not dress themselves carefully to go to places of public resort if they have no reasonable prospect of making a cleanly voyage thither; hence the very rusty appearance presented by the pit, not merely of our best theatres, but even of the opera. Another is the increasing pressure of the public demands upon every man whose labor is of any value to the public. He is obliged to take the shortest cut to his business, in dress as in all other things. He cannot afford the time necessary to take precautions against soiling his clothes. He does not change them or buy new ones as often as he ought to for the same reason.

But whatever be the cause of the evil, we decidedly maintain that it is *not* inherent in the modern shape and style of dress ; and we cannot join in the condemnation of that dress often uttered under artistic pretences. Thus, it is frequently said that our attire is "unpicturesque," which really means little more than that we are too familiar with it. Homer praised the beauty of a formal garden because the *uncivilization* of his day made it a rare object. The want of color is a commonly urged fault ; but we must remember that grave tints for gentlemen's wear are no modern invention ; the Spaniards adopted them centuries ago. One strong objection to colored upper garments is their glaring shabbiness when ever so little worn or faded ; an old claret-colored coat, for instance, is ten times seedier to view than an old black one.

But, then, there is no need of men's wearing either a claret-colored coat or a black one. The love of black broadcloth is, perhaps, that weakness of the Yankee character which is best known to foreigners, and has afforded foreign tourists most opportunities of making little jokes in their diaries upon the personal appearance of the American traveller. Not that there is any inherent impropriety in wearing black. On the contrary, there is, perhaps, no color so suitable to the great mass of men. In some sorts of material—velvet, for instance—it furnishes the most becoming suit for almost any kind of wear ever devised by the wit of tailor. But the fact is, it is a bad working or lounging color, the worst that ever a man amused himself or did business

in. The consequence is that it has been discarded in Europe for morning wear, and is now there mainly restricted to clergymen, notaries, and tradesmen in their best clothes, and gentlemen in deep mourning. A person presenting himself at a great London house to make a morning call in a full suit of black, would probably be received by the footman as a person who had come to take my lady's measure for a pair of boots ; and in Paris a *flâneur* who appeared on the Boulevards in such melancholy attire would be set down by his friends as being engaged in a "lark" or an intrigue, or, in fact, as having some special reason for disguising himself.

This conventional prohibition of the color has, like nearly every other fashion in modern dress—such, for instance, as the low collars and light cravats of our day—a certain basis in common sense and convenience. Modern life is not the stiff and stately thing that it was when Vandyke and Velasquez painted noblemen and grandees in lace and ruffles and black velvet doublets. Men, even gentlemen, are nowadays all *actively* engaged either in business or in pleasure. They are either hard at work in offices, or in the fields, or in libraries. They flit about muddy streets on foot, ride in dirty hacks, or stand in dirtier cars, exposed to mud, dust, tobacco-smoke, and all the other plagues of modern life. They are constantly rubbing with back or elbows against something. Consequently the grand requisite in their clothes is that they shall not soil easily, show the dust readily, or wear out rapidly. Black cloth, however,

grows seedy-looking sooner than most other colors, and shows stains sooner, and dust sooner, and, therefore, has been most wisely discarded by "good society," except for evening dress and state occasions, when dress is a subject of great care and a matter of importance. Through a large portion of the United States, however, this distinction is unknown, black broadcloth being considered the proper thing to wear to church; at home it is considered the proper thing to wear on all occasions when a man wishes to appear "dressed," no matter at what hour of the day. Consequently, when the untravelled American goes to Europe, he arrays himself carefully in the usual color, and appears at all the railway stations and hotels as black as midnight.

At the South, where, owing to the wild life led by most of the population, one would expect black to be rarely seen, it is, or rather was before the war—we presume any color is now welcome—the color *par excellence* which a "gentleman" was bound to wear, and, as every white man is *ex-officio* a gentleman, everybody who could afford it wore black, the other colors being left somewhat scornfully to stage-drivers and the like. Every keeper of a wretched tavern in the Southwest did his best to dawn on his guests every morning in a full suit of black, and patent-leather boots, and many a Northern traveller will remember being consigned to the state-room over the boiler on a Mississippi steamboat, owing to the shabby appearance which he presented in a good suit of travelling gray to the "polite and gentlemanly clerk," who sat behind the

window black as a crow, but resplendent with diamonds. The fact is, that as there is no country in which there is so much work and so much travelling done as in this, in which men's lives are so intensely active, there is none in which black broadcloth as an everyday dress should be more carefully avoided by everybody who does not wish to look both dirty and shabby. The same remark applies to patent-leather boots and prunella boots with patent-leather toes, to which third-rate "swells," and, for some inscrutable reason, young farmers, most of whose time is passed in muddy or dusty fields or roads; are greatly addicted.

Long hair is another piece of personal ornamentation which, in old countries, is being gradually laid aside by the class which devotes most attention to personal appearance. And yet amongst us those who, being least able to take care of their hair, are least entitled to wear it long, are the very men who cling most tenaciously to it. It may be laid down as a general rule, with regard to all matters of dress, that a man's first duty is to be clean, and to look neat. Therefore, if he insists on having ringlets down on his shoulders, he ought either keep them clean himself or have a valet to do it, or ought not to expose them to the dust and dirt of everyday life. Moreover, if he considers it his duty to grease them every day, he ought not to let them lie on the collar of his coat, as the shiny appearance assumed by woollen cloth after repeated applications of pomatum is not pleasing, to say the least. By soldiers and men actively engaged during

the day, with any real love of work and any real dislike of dirt, the scissors ought to be unsparingly applied to their "luxuriant locks," so that a brush and a sponge will keep them in order. In other words, we, as a nation, ought to be as remarkable for the shortness of our hair as we are for its length.

Timothy Titcomb, in one of the bits of advice which he gives to young men, lays it down somewhere, that there should be in every man's dress some central point, from which everything else should radiate, and this point he declares to be the shirt-front, which he would, doubtless, have of expansive dimensions and snowy whiteness. But in this Timothy must have spoken without due consideration. Snowy linen and plenty of it is a pleasing spectacle, but it is a species of display in which nobody should indulge who has not time enough or money enough to change very frequently, or whose occupation is of a nature to soil or ruffle his shirt-front rapidly. And yet, in this matter, as in the matter of hair, we are apt to find that those who can bestow least attention on their shirt-fronts are the very men who make most show of them. No class, probably, wear so few buttons in their waistcoats as street-car conductors. The fact is that workers should button well up, and if they show any more linen than their shirt-collars, they should show only as much as they can fairly protect from being soiled. The whole question of modern dress is in fact, or ought to be, determined by the exigencies of modern life. In this, as in other things, we are growing daily more practical.

THE SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

SENATOR SHERMAN, in a recent speech, alluded somewhat indistinctly to one or two probable, or perhaps we should rather say possible consequences of the national debt, which are worthy of more attention than they have received. There is very little doubt that the effect upon society in this country of the means which the debt supplies of making sure investments, will, in the course of a generation, should it not have been paid off by that time, be very marked.

The difficulty with which every observer of American society is familiar, of keeping large, or even small fortunes together for any great length of time, in the hands of one family, is usually ascribed to the influence upon the minds of testators, of our laws of descent and distribution, or of the democratic atmosphere in which everybody lives. The fact is, however, that the liberty of bequest is as great in England as it is here, and the power of entail in many of the States—New York for one—is almost as great.

In England, the law of primogeniture, which is popularly supposed to be the foundation on which the aristoc-

racy rests, in reality only operates in case of intestacy. In the absence of a family settlement, a testator might cut his estate up into as many parts as he had children. What really gives the eldest son the preference in the transmission of landed property is not the law, but the feeling of the class. Almost every marriage settlement entails the estate strictly on the eldest son to be born of the union, and when he comes of age he almost invariably joins his father in executing another entail, handing it down to his own eldest son, and so on from generation to generation, the younger children acquiescing in the arrangement with a cheerfulness which is a wonderful illustration of the strength of aristocratic feeling, and the solid satisfaction which people bred in an aristocratic society take in belonging to a great house.

There is nothing in the law to prevent a man desirous of "founding a family" here from doing the same thing. The obstacles to it are to be found not in the statutes, but in the public sentiment, which would visit anything of the kind with reprobation, and in the feeling of the children, who would consider any such display of preference for the eldest son a piece of injustice to themselves. The cases in which a man dies intestate, and leaves it to the law to divide his estate, are too few in number to exercise much influence on the general distribution of property. Nor can the facility and rapidity with which the accumulations of one generation are usually scattered in the next, be ascribed altogether to the practice of dividing fortunes among one's children. This practice prevails in many coun-

tries, Holland and France, for instance, without causing fortunes to pass out of the hands of the families. There are various ways well known to lovers of money of keeping a fortune amongst persons of the same blood, for many generations in succession, without marking out any one individual for an undue share of it, such as intermarriages, business partnerships, etc. In Holland and in Switzerland, large properties have in this way been transmitted in the same line for two or three hundred years without much if any diminution, often with considerable increase.

In the United States, however, the cases, as everybody knows, are rare in which the grandson of a wealthy man is found in possession of much of the ancestral fortune. The largest fortunes are dissipated inside fifty years, leaving the descendants of those who built them up to begin life as their ancestors did, and go through the tug and struggle over again. How few families in any of the States that were rich at the beginning of the present century can now show much evidence of their former splendor! In fact, there are probably more vicissitudes of fortune crowded into half a century in the history of any prominent American family, than into that of any great house in Europe in a century and a half.

Now there is very little question that though much of this is due to the practice, enforced by public opinion as well as by family feeling, of dividing properties on the death of the owners, a still larger portion of it is due to the uncertain and precarious character of the

modes of investment to which executors, administrators, and heirs have hitherto been compelled to resort. Not only does it require great skill and shrewdness, greater than most men possess, to invest money in such a way as to secure any return, but even in such a way as to prevent total loss. This is a difficulty which is of course encountered in every country ; but there is in this country an additional and very formidable difficulty created by the rapidity of its growth, the sudden and wonderful changes which take place in the distribution of population, in the nature and location of particular branches of industry, and of the great seats of commerce. Many of the great seaports of thirty or forty years ago are now well-nigh deserted. Regions that at the same period were wholly agricultural are now wholly manufacturing ; places that then were forest-covered are now the sites of great cities ; lines of travel then much frequented are now totally abandoned ; inventions that were then very valuable have since been superseded by others and are now worthless. And this process is constantly going on all over the Union. Even in the same city, the value of property in particular quarters changes greatly inside ten or even five years. Capital, too, deserts one locality to settle in another, attracted by the discovery of peculiar natural advantages.

The effect of these changes on investments could be readily imagined, even if it were not seen. Investments which to-day seem most prudent and fortunate, may turn out in ten years fatal mistakes, owing

to causes which the shrewdest calculator could neither foresee nor prepare for. This is a danger against which no provisions in a will, however stringent, can furnish any adequate security ; for unless money can be invested in landed estates rented to farmers, or in government stocks, as in England, much must be left to the judgment of trustees, or even, if nothing is left to their judgment, much must be left to the course of events.

Our national debt, if it remains in existence long enough, will furnish a means of investment which will not be affected either by the fluctuations in the value of property or in the course of trade, let them be ever so violent. The interest on it will be paid in coin, no matter what convulsions may occur in the commercial world, or what changes may occur in the distribution of population or capital. So that a family which was determined to keep what it had got, and was not anxious to get more, would find in it an easy means of transmitting a large estate from generation to generation with little or no risk, trouble or anxiety.

Some of the consequences of this might be very important, socially if not politically. It might create and perpetuate a class, possessing secured wealth and fixed social tastes and habits, which would gradually grow in influence and size as the wealth of the country increased, by gathering to itself the sons of all the "new men," and might at last form in each State a sort of aristocracy. Whether such a class could under our institutions secure any political influence is doubt-

ful ; but that it would secure a large amount of social influence there is little question ; and though in many ways class feeling is highly objectionable, there are some ways in which a class of this kind would render considerable service to American society. It would create and keep up a more correct taste in art and literature by giving large numbers of educated persons time and means for their cultivation ; and it would communicate greater fixity to habits, modes of thoughts, and social usages.

But to calculate all the consequences that might flow from its existence would force us on a wider field of speculation than we have time or space to enter upon. The subject is an interesting one, and well worthy of discussion.

• HINTS FOR FOURTH OF JULY ORATIONS.

THE quality of American contributions to literature and science has been, on the average, low, and their quantity has been small. The annual literary and scientific product of the people of the United States is not the twentieth part of that of any other civilized people. We read voraciously, but the bulk of our reading is of foreign origin. This is as true of our periodical publications in all departments of science and literature as of the books we consume. Reprinted or translated books and articles constitute ninety-nine hundredths of our reading matter. This aspect of our national life is humiliating, and has often suggested to sceptical minds, both at home and abroad, certain curious doubts concerning the effect on literature and science of a state of society in which there are neither depths nor heights, but only one common level.

Acknowledging our inferiority in this regard, and leaving it to the future to demonstrate the real influence of republican institutions upon science and letters, we may find a full well-spring of consolation and hope in recalling the wonderful applications of

science and the inventions of fundamental importance which the world owes to Americans of this generation. We do not now refer to the innumerable ingenious devices for economizing time and labor which form a very characteristic product of the Yankee mind ; we propose to enumerate only those really great inventions which are of universal application, and which are everywhere recognized as American.

First upon this catalogue shall be named the practical use of anæsthetic agents. In the whole history of medicine and surgery there are but two or three discoveries which can take rank with this. Vaccination is the best parallel. The property possessed by ether and divers other substances of producing insensibility had been known to a few isolated philosophers for some time, though this property was undoubtedly rediscovered in this country. Neither was the idea of applying these agents to the relief of pain a new one. Ether itself had been before recommended for this very use. Americans demonstrated that ether could be safely administered in quantity sufficient to produce complete unconsciousness during many minutes, and that no evil effects whatever followed a prolonged inhalation of the vapor. American audacity and perseverance changed what had been only a scientific suggestion, an ingenious idea, into a practical and most beneficent reality. Who can conceive of the infinite load of misery which this invention has lightened ! It is not only that it delivers poor human nature from the actual pain of the knife and saw, from the pangs of

child-birth, and the physical agonies of death—it delivers also from the horror of anticipated pain. The discovery will always remain one of the chief glories of this generation.

The vast extent of our Western wheat-fields and the high price of labor in our sparsely settled territory guaranteed a rich reward for all successful applications of machinery to agriculture. The actual introduction of horse-reapers is an American achievement, and one of the first importance not only to America, but to every other country in which agriculture is carried on upon a large scale. Accordingly, we find that the American reapers have been copied, modified to meet varying conditions, and not seldom spoilt, by the mechanics and agricultural engineers of all the nations of Europe. With the reapers should be mentioned the sowing, raking, hulling, and threshing machines, which play so important a part in American farming. Agricultural work is the simplest and coarsest of all forms of labor, and yet must be the occupation of the vast majority of the people. The inventions which demand more skill from the farmer, which increase his head-work and diminish his hand-work, which relieve his muscles but exercise his mind, do much to elevate and educate the class which must always constitute the great bulk of the nation. They strengthen the republic.

Another purely American invention of the first importance is the sewing-machine. This very recent invention has already increased tenfold the potential pro-

duction of every trade which uses a needle, and has emancipated American women from that never-ending toil with the needle which still oppresses all but the richest and the poorest of other lands. It is by no means possible to predict, as yet, the full effect of this wonderful invention, but we may be sure that twenty years hence hand-sewing will be as curious a sight as is now hand-spinning, and that the next generation will no more use hand-made garments than we use wheat flour ground between two stones after the manner of the Pompeians. We see the Italian women to-day using precisely the same distaff with which the Three Sisters spun their fateful thread. The American women of this generation have seen the beginning of a change the like of which has not come upon humanity in thousands of years—a change which is to affect deeply the domestic habits and social customs of the race. This great revolution dates from the invention of the American sewing-machine.

A complicated machine, like a reaper or sewing-machine, embodies generally, with the one idea which is new, a number of ideas which have become the common property of mankind. The needle with the eye in the point was new, but the treadle, the wheels of different diameters, the cam, and the shuttle were but applications of others' thoughts become common property. Not so with the next discovery on this remarkable list. When melted rubber cools it remains so soft and sticky as to be incapable of any useful application. Owing nothing to science, borrowing no hint from the

experience of others, an American was found patient enough, and, let it be added, reckless and improvident enough, to spend the better part of a lifetime in mixing one substance after another with hot rubber, until at last, after many years of purely empirical seeking, he found a substance which, when melted with rubber, yielded a plastic and adhesive mixture that on cooling lost its stickiness, but retained its elasticity and toughness. The so-called *vulcanized* india-rubber is a mixture of sulphur and rubber, in proportions which vary according to the use to be made of the product. This useful substance is now known and used the world over, though it is not everywhere recognized as an American invention. Its applications are almost infinitely various ; there is hardly an art or trade in which its elasticity, plasticity, toughness, or water-proof quality has not found useful application. The mechanic, the mariner, the physician, the chemist, the house-wife are all deeply indebted to its admirable qualities.

Since the steam-engine no invention has had such power for good and evil as the electric telegraph. America had not much to do with the accumulation of the scientific knowledge which made the telegraph possible. Our acquaintance with the principles of electricity and magnetism was the slow growth of several generations ; the history of the development of the scientific principles, and of the invention of the philosophical instruments, which were necessary to the telegraph, makes distinguished mention of but one American name, a name still held in high honor among those of the most

eminent living scientists. The idea of the telegraph had been entertained by many minds—little telegraphs had been actually constructed and worked as scientific toys or curious experiments—but it was reserved for American sagacity and enterprise to put in practice upon a large scale the accumulated knowledge on the subject, to realize the importance of the revolution a practical telegraph would work, and to make a mechanical and commercial success of what had before been a scientific curiosity, a philosophical plaything. It is this actual realization of an idea perhaps not new, this demonstration of value and power, which is often the chiefest part of a great invention. The science involved in the telegraph was chiefly European; the idea of the telegraph was not ours, but the practical application of the science and actual realization of the idea were purely American. The steam-engine and the telegraph are political powers—they make the American Union possible. Boston and Philadelphia were as far apart eighty years ago as New York and San Francisco now.

These great agencies, steam and electricity, created a new want, and made necessary a supplementary invention. Why get news hot from the event, why send the newspaper by steam over the face of the country, if it must take a week to print a daily paper? The cylinder-press, which strikes a thousand copies an hour, was a fit gift to the world from the land which introduced the telegraph. American cylinder printing-presses are used throughout the civilized world, wher-

ever large communities consume the daily newspapers by tens of thousands. This invention was not the result of a single brilliant conception, not the embodiment of a sudden inspiration, but rather the result of patiently combining and improving ideas and methods not absolutely new, but new in combination. It is not the less on this account a great contribution to the resources of modern communities.

We close this catalogue with the mention of an invention which has justly reflected great honor upon the American name in Europe, and which is truly touching in contrast with the brilliant successes which we have already enumerated. Most of the apparatus by which the blind are taught is of American invention. The whole system of printing for the blind, the peculiar types, paper, and presses employed, the maps, globes, and slates which are used, both in this country and in Europe, are the product of the patient study and devoted skill of an American inventor. It is not many years since the British and Foreign Bible Society caused their Bible for the blind to be printed at South Boston, Massachusetts. Nothing can exceed the ingenuity exhibited in designing and executing the mechanical contrivances by which touch is made to do the work of sight in conveying knowledge. We have adduced this beautiful series of inventions to illustrate the fact that American inventors have not only worked successfully for the bustling, laborious, active world, not only for fame and money, but also in behalf of the suffering blind, who, lacking a sense, have fared hardly,

these thousands of years, in the struggle for life, and only in this generation have been able to enjoy something like the same opportunities of intellectual and spiritual instruction which those who have sight enjoy. It is fitting that the name of the inventor of this apparatus of instruction for the blind should be quite unknown to the public, and that he should have had no reward but that of the consciousness of having made many happy.

The greatest of American inventions must not pass unmentioned—our political institutions, the product of the common sense and practical Christianity of a people who have been free for many generations. Our contributions to political science bid fair to prove of enormous value, but of course until other nations have more fully reaped the benefit of them we shall not receive for them the meed of honor which will one day be awarded us. Most foreign nations still look on our political system with the doubt and suspicion which usually greet untried inventions.

AMERICAN REPUTATIONS IN ENGLAND.

CHARLES LAMB once wrote to his friend Manning, who was travelling abroad : "It appears to me as if I should die with joy at the first landing in a foreign country. It is the nearest pleasure which a grown man can substitute for that unknown one, which he can never know, the pleasure of the first entrance into life from the womb." Without stopping to discuss this fantastic, Charles-Lamb-like reference to a pleasure which we "can never know" for the very good reason that it never existed, there is a certain analogy between the facts of being born into the world and of being born into a foreign country. In either case, the man plants his foot on the strange shore to find nearly every appeal to his five senses wondrously novel, startling, amusing ; and the newly arrived traveller, like the newly arrived child, stares and listens, and puts out his hands at the most insignificant objects. But more impressive to the new comer than merely external innovations is this

realm of new ideas, new maxims, new whims, new prejudices, new reputations, into which he is introduced, with the inevitable obliteration of so many of those which he has just emigrated from. To an American coming to England, perhaps nothing gives a greater spiritual jar, nothing more startles him into realizing that he is actually abroad, than the discovery, constantly breaking upon him during the first weeks of his residence here, that, when he sailed away from America, he did indeed sail away from a whole hemisphere of personal authorities and reputations—from the principalities and powers of the literary, political, religious, and social world before which he had loyally bowed from his youth up. I think that, to any man, it would give at least a momentary shock to find, for the first time in his life, his references to illustrious names not understood, to august authorities not regarded, the titular dignitaries of his native chess-board not responded to with deference or even with recognition.

As a matter of testimony upon this subject, perhaps I may be allowed to refer to some of my own experiences during a residence in England now extending over nearly three years. I well remember the first decided shock of this kind which I received. It was my second Sunday in England, and I was spending a part of the day at the house of a literary man whose name (if I should mention it, which I shall not) would be recognized as a household word wherever the English language is spoken. I was showing to him and to a little circle of his friends my photograph album of

American celebrities ; and when we came to a certain face, they said, "Who is that?" I replied, "Oliver Wendell Holmes." "Who is he?" "Why, Dr. Holmes—did you never hear of him?" "Never!" I confess that then, for the first time, I felt a little homesick. That word gave me, indeed, a sense of being "*abroad*." Before me, then, yawned the dreary distance from that dear spot which "there is no place like," with a vividness more painful than I had derived from all the three thousand farewells of the Atlantic, with all the taunts and jeers flung at us by "the countless laughter of its salt sea waves." Since then that particular reputation has grown very rapidly in England ; and, of course, even then there were here multitudes of the readers and admirers of the autocratic-poet ; but it was simply staggering to find men and women, eminent in English literature, too, who did not remember to have heard the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes !

M. D. Conway told me that he talked with a poor man in Venice who, he ascertained, had no knowledge of Daniel Webster, but was acquainted with the name and deeds of old John Brown. So I have found in England that, among the mass of the people—among those, for example, who make up a lecturer's audience at the literary and mechanics' institutes of the country—any reference to our great statesmen, jurists, and scholars of the time just gone—to Andrew Jackson, Webster, Clay, Story, Choate, Felton, requires explanation, while the mention of the names of philanthropists and reformers, especially of Garrison and Phillips, is generally

caught up with instant appreciation and responded to with enthusiasm.

I appeal to any American who has grown up under the omnipresence and majesty of Daniel Webster's renown, if he would not have been punctured by a new sensation had he gone through the following bit of experience. Just before Christmas, a year ago, I arrived, at the close of the day, in that noble old town on the south coast of England where our Pilgrim Fathers bade their last adieus to the cruel yet still beloved mother who cast them forth. I went to a quiet inn, was ushered into the coffee-room, and, while waiting for dinner, in the twilight, I thought I saw hanging upon the opposite wall a portrait, of life-size and done in oil, of Daniel Webster. It gave me a strange feeling full of pleasure, like hearing some familiar air of home, like seeing some well-known living face. I thought I must be mistaken, but, on rushing across the room, I found it was, indeed, a fine portrait of the great Daniel himself. Wondering how such a thing could have found its way into this quiet nook in one corner of England, when the waiter came in—a portly gentleman, dignified as a chief-justice or one of the apostolic fathers—I asked him of whom that was the portrait. After some hesitation he said, “Ah, sir, I think I have heard master say it was some American gentleman or other. I will ask master, sir, if you wish.” When he next entered he said: “I have asked master, sir; he does n't exactly remember the gentleman's name; he bought the picture at a sale; he thinks it is some American gentle-

man or other." And that is Fame—an old lady who shudders at the Atlantic voyage. In the young Plymouth what an august personage would have been evoked before every eye by that portrait! Just across the water, at the old Plymouth, it is merely the head of "some American gentleman or other."

We all find here a perpetual source of amusement in the very mixed apprehensions people have of the two most celebrated members of the Beecher family. Everybody knows Mrs. Stowe, and calls her Mrs. Beecher-Stowe. Everybody knows Henry Ward Beecher, and nearly everybody calls him *Mr.* Beecher-Stowe. There is a confused idea of some very near relationship between these individuals. It is generally stated that she is his wife, sometimes his daughter, occasionally his mother, seldom—what she is. I do not exaggerate in saying that, in nine cases out of ten, Henry Ward Beecher's name is by Englishmen enriched with the pleasing suffix of Stowe. Yet, a few weeks ago, the *Times*, in whose eyes he is of course a peculiarly endeared person, took quite the opposite tack and got the cart completely before the horse by speaking of him as Mr. Beecher Ward!

Excluding, in these remarks, the small minority of English people who are really acquainted with our history and literature, in travelling up and down England I seldom meet with any one who has heard of George W. Curtis, Dr. Holland, John G. Saxe, Col. Higginson, Gail Hamilton, Bayard Taylor, Tuckerman, and Thomas B. Aldrich, whom we know so well, but whose names pro-

nounced before a general English audience would be no more recognized than the names of so many under-secretaries of the Tycoon. It is true that the books of some of them have had a considerable sale in England; but, in the first place, there is a large population of resident Americans here, who try to keep up an acquaintance with their country's authors; and, in the next place, there are a certain few English men and women who get and study all our best books as they appear. Upon the vast bulk of the population such names as these have yet made no impression. Here and there their books are to be found; but such casual and sporadic circulation does not make fame or even reputation. The supreme American literary reputation in England is that of Longfellow. His renown has diffused itself into every household; his poems are in every drawing-room; he has more readers than any living English poet. His is the one only American literary name that may be mentioned in all companies with as much certainty of recognition as the name of Shakespeare, though even with Shakespeare's name it would not be safe to go below a certain tide-mark of society. During the Shakespearian festivals, last year, a London omnibus-driver, by whose side I was sitting, whose daily journeys took him under the very walls of Apsley House and Buckingham Palace, gravely asked me, "Who is this fellow Shakespeare they're making such a damned row about?" My impression is, that next to Longfellow in fame on British soil is Washington Irving, although an English lady of wealth and literary proclivities once in-

quired of me whether that was "the Irving who attracted so much notice as an eccentric preacher in London thirty years ago!" Next in renown to Longfellow and Irving, and in about the order given, are the names of Hawthorne, Emerson, Prescott, Lowell, Dr. Channing, Bryant, and Theodore Parker. I am surprised to find how many there are who do not know Whittier. It would be wrong to omit Elihu Burritt, who is everywhere known in England, and for whom there is an affectionate regard among multitudes of the purest and best. He has passed many years here; he has lectured in nearly every town and village; he has gone on foot through the whole length of the island; and by the simplicity, beauty and amiability of his nature, by his learning, by his calm thinking, by his modest yet glowing speech, has not only made fame for himself, but has done much to change English estimates of the American character.

It is very probable that Americans who have made the tour of England may not be able altogether to verify my statements by their own experience, and especially may think that I have underrated the English reputation of some whom I have referred to. This is but natural. Mere tourists bring letters to the very people who are most interested in America, who know most about America, and in whose conversation these names are most familiarly used. It would be a mistake to infer that the English people in general have such an acquaintance with our literary names. But having travelled up and down England as a lecturer; having

had the opportunity of experimenting with all sorts of audiences in all sorts of places, by purposely throwing in allusions to noted Americans and watching the effect ; and having had in these journeys some glimpse of the interior of English life, as well as some chance of free conversation with vast numbers of the middle-class English people, it is likely that my impressions are not what they would be were I seeing England as a tourist only. My duty in this paper, however, has been not to account for the impressions of others, but truthfully to relate my own.

It is with a melancholy interest that I look back over the growth of the English fame of Abraham Lincoln. During the first two years of my life here, he was "the buffoon President," "the vulgar tyrant," "the brutal despot revelling in the woes of a race." As his name came naturally into some of my lectures, I watched curiously the changes in the demonstrations which it excited. Except in very polite audiences it was always hissed. Even as late as the day on which we received the news of Mr. Lincoln's re-election, the mention of his name in a large audience convened in the very heart of London created a stormy susurration of hisses ; and when the hisses provoked a retort of cheers, they rallied in ten-fold intensity, and won the right. His death has now changed all. During the past autumn (1865), laying the hand on the popular pulse in the same way, from Cornwall to Yorkshire, I found his name and praises welcomed with hearty tributes of applause.

In the "Scarlet Letter" occurs this just remark, that "it contributes greatly towards a man's moral and intellectual health to be brought into habits of companionship with individuals unlike himself, who care little for his pursuits, and whose sphere and abilities he must go out of himself to appreciate." May not a similar remark be made as to the advantages of companionship with those who care little for the personal reputations which have always awed us, for the august authorities with which we have been about to fortify our speech, for the enthroned ones in literature with whose images we had filled the pantheon of our youthful homage? Yet it would be a rapture to get home again among the old names, and to take on once more the pleasant yoke of the old reputations.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
survey of the history of the world, from the
beginning of time to the present day. The author
presents a clear and concise account of the
progress of civilization, and the various
stages of human development. He discusses
the physical and moral progress of the
human race, and the influence of the
environment on the development of the
individual. The second part of the book
is devoted to a detailed account of the
history of the world, from the beginning of
time to the present day. The author
presents a clear and concise account of the
progress of civilization, and the various
stages of human development. He discusses
the physical and moral progress of the
human race, and the influence of the
environment on the development of the
individual.

THE EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN ORDER OF THOUGHT.

INTELLECTUAL timidity is the infirmity of cultivated men. Property is essentially conservative, and as a general rule, therefore, they who claim a present distinction are willingly sceptical and indifferent to the promise of the future. Such is human nature, and nobody is to blame for it short of the original Adam. *A bird in the hand*, says the proverbial wisdom of the world, *is worth two in the bush*. Sure present possession outweighs any amount of contingent future acquisition. You would not expect a physician in good practice to be foremost in denouncing his own therapeutics, and advocating a better. You would not expect a successful lawyer whose fame and revenues are dependent on the existing methods of his profession to be over-zealous for the reform of those methods. Neither would you expect a clergyman of conspicuous standing in his church to take the lead there in inaugurating a dogmatic or ritual revolution. Any particular lawyer, doctor, or divine might, it is true, disconcert your expectation ; but the expectation is nevertheless perfectly reasonable, because it is based upon general experience,

or deduced from the principles which regulate human nature itself, and which must, therefore, justify themselves in the long run. The past, in so far as it overlaps the present, does so in purely fossil form, and hence resists decay. And the present, in so far as it has got itself formulated in institutions, or identified with living interests, fights tooth and nail against the future. In a word, conflict is the law of progress ; and a very benignant law it is, no doubt, since we seem incapable of greatly estimating any blessing which is lightly won. We have no complaint to make of the fact. We only adduce it by way of hinting a probable explanation of the serious misconception into which European, and especially English, conservatism has been betrayed in respect to American character and tendencies.

What makes the peculiarity of the era in which we live is, that it is the consummation of a long conflict between two civilizations—one artificial and provisional, as built on force ; the other natural and final, as built on freedom, or the spontaneous tendencies of the mind ; one, consequently, moribund, as referring its true vigor to the past ; the other nascent, as finding its sure promise in the future. The political life of Europe universally, and that of England in an eminent degree, amounts only to a temporary compromise or truce, not to a permanent reconciliation, of this great warfare. European, and especially English, culture aims to endow man with civil freedom or citizenship, and contemplates no higher destiny as within the range of his earthly

possibilities. The European theory of human life is that it is primarily civil and only derivatively social, so that the persons who are identified with the civil administration have a legitimate title also to an exceptional social position ; and its ideal of individual manhood is that it is moral, not æsthetic—voluntary, not spontaneous. Now, the American idea, on both these points, is strikingly opposed to the European one. You have only to observe the popular instincts, as reflected in the general tenor of our legislation, to perceive very plainly that our theory of human life is that it is primarily social and only derivatively civil ; and hence makes delight rather than duty, spontaneity rather than will, the law of our individual development. It is this fundamental yet wholly involuntary divergence on our part from the traditions of the Old World which exposes us to European, and especially English, obloquy and intolerance. It is not evolution they see in us, for to that they could easily reconcile themselves ; it is revolution, and revolution in the most inward and conventionally sacred realm of life. Practically, in fact, our institutions are an exact inversion of theirs, what is first and last in our estimation being severally last and first in theirs, so that their judgments of us necessarily undergo the same dislocation with respect to the actual facts of the case that our view of the landscape undergoes when we look at it through an inverted telescope. Their contempt of us is not voluntary or conscious ; it is wholly instinctive and unconscious, growing out of a sheer diversity of natural temperament

or providential direction between us, and arguing no wilful perverseness on their part. It is the difference between the conventionally righteous and the conventionally reprobate man of the gospels, the former of whom cannot help saying, with all his heart, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as this publican," etc. And it would be just as unreasonable in us to demand a favorable European or English judgment of us as it would be to ask a New York millionaire to renounce his wealth and trot about the streets in the insignia of a voluntary or ostentatious poverty.

We emphasize the Englishman in all this matter, because there is no bosom extant in which the social principle, the principle of a wholly spontaneous equity among men, is so weak as in the English, and the civic or moral principle, the principle of voluntary or legal rectitude, so strong. There is no one, consequently, so eminently disqualified as the Englishman is by original genius (and, indeed, acquired culture also) to do us justice, in whose development the social sentiment grows ever more absolute, and the moral sentiment ever more impotent. It is this supremacy of will to spontaneity, of moral to æsthetic force, of civic to social aspiration, of outward letter, in short, to inward spirit, which constitutes the strength of European conservatism, and which renders the Englishman specifically so unsocial, or averse to all change which looks towards the eventual brotherhood or fellowship of man. Our political and ecclesiastical heritage cannot help striking him as painfully squalid, because it disavows all sancti-

ty underived from the popular heart. The supremacy of the distinctively social conscience among us both to the civic and ecclesiastic conscience, makes him pat his own old paunch of privilege with infinite complacency, and ensures us his boundless reprobation. Every look at us is sure to inflame his arrogance, and harden him inwardly against those tides of fellowship or equality which are here flowing unchecked—at all events by institutions—into the human mind, and so preparing, let us hope, an immaculate divine edifice in human nature. In short, belief in England and in the permanence of English institutions and culture is a religious obligation upon the average Englishman's conscience ; and his contempt of you accordingly is not wilful or flippant, but is a slow, dumpy, adipose product of his defective spiritual respiration, of his still immature manhood. It is an honest excrescence of natural genius or temperament in him—astonishing you, no doubt, by its magnitude, benumbing you for the most part by its contact, reducing you to impotence before it ; but you respect it in its place, just as you respect a goitre in Switzerland or a blue-nose in Nova Scotia, and never dream of making the unaffected individual subject of it responsible.

There is, however, a spurious Englishman—a cheap modern edition of this ancient stately original—the Scotch, Canadian, or West Indian Englishman, who is full, oftentimes, of wilful impertinence, and fidgets you like fleas, poisoning your honest human flesh by his venomous intention past all scratching to relieve, and

making you long to get well hold of him once between finger and thumb, in order to do the wholesome world a service. These parasitic English stand in the same unhandsome relation to the true John Bull as the retainers of a great house stand in towards its lord. The heir of the house is incapable of parading his dignity, but all they who wear his livery either under or above their clothes—namely, his poor relations and his paid servants—turn up their futile, consequential noses in a manner so aggressive and violent as greatly to invite pulling on the part of the embarrassed head of the family, and dispose him oftentimes to renounce a conventional dignity so fatal to all who underpin it or even believe in it. There can be no doubt that this provincial and colonial flunkeyism provokes the same disgust in the manly English bosom that it does in ours. However limited the Englishman may be in point of social sympathy, he has none of this fretful, mischievous, suspicious consciousness which you observe in the Canadian, Scotch, or other poor relation. And we must say we seldom meet in a respectable English periodical the same shameless rage of insult and defamation which is habitual to the Scotch "Blackwood." The editorial temper of this snuffy, unventilated magazine, both moral and intellectual, is morbid enough to be the effect of a repelled eruption—looks like a cuticular irritation driven in to prey at leisure upon heart and brain. It is the temper of a vixenish old family nurse, with arms always akimbo, who feels so sure of her darling provoking everybody's distrust

or dislike as to be forever railing at the rest of the parish by anticipation on his behalf. And we apprehend that you may always, when you encounter anything very dirty or unscrupulous in English periodicals, safely ascribe it, not to any Englishman who is socially enfranchised, or entitled to the dignity of a man in his own country, but to some underbred member of that large herd who live by the pecuniary patronage or the social tolerance of the aristocracy.

We have been indulging in no *personal* comparisons between the European and the American, to the latter's advantage. Our purpose has been simply to contrast the spirit which animates European *institutions* with that which animates ours ; and to show that while the one contemplates and provides for the highest individual distinction among men, at the risk if not at the actual cost of a permanent debasement of all the rest, the other provides for and tolerates no such distinction which does not grow out of the gradual elevation of the masses. We have no doubt that so far as the personal attitude of the European and the American is concerned, with reference to the reigning temper of their respective institutions, the advantage is very apt to be with the European ; for he is oftentimes individually very much in advance of his institutions, while the American is almost never quite up to his.

ROADS.

ABOUT this period of the year there is, all over the Union, or at least all over the Northern States, a general repairing of the roads. The frost is fairly gone. The scars the snow and the winter torrents have left on the highways have to be removed. The season for riding has fairly set in, and ways have to be made safe and pleasant for the great swarm of buggies, wagons, rockaways, barouches, gigs, and chaises which issue from their winter hiding-places as soon as the spring mud has dried. The roadmasters, contractors, and selectmen accordingly go to work with great zeal and assiduity to put the public highways in order, and the way in which they attempt to do this is so extraordinary that nothing but long habit prevents the public from enjoying its absurdity. There is, perhaps, no way in which we can bring the nature of the process so fully before the mind of our readers as by stating that, except in very rocky or mountainous districts, there is, perhaps, hardly a mile of road north of Mason and Dixon's line which, after receiving the last touches from the road mender, is not capable, if the traffic on it be

suspended, of producing a luxuriant crop of potatoes, cabbages, or of any other garden vegetable. The reason of this is that the highway is the only portion of our Northern country which is every year systematically and richly manured. Most city people even, are probably aware that, roads being generally slightly elevated, there runs along on each side of them a hollow or ditch into which the rains sweep most of the mud from their surface as well as the mould of the adjoining fields, the dead leaves of the trees, and a large quantity of other decaying or decayed vegetable matter. These, consequently, form on the road-side deposits of soil or manure of great value for agricultural purposes, and which farmers, if they were wise, would cart away and spread over their weary fields. The deposits accumulate without disturbance during the summer, fall, and winter, and in the spring comes the road-mender and scrapes them out, sometimes with a spade, sometimes with a plough and yoke of oxen, and carefully spreads them on the middle of the highway wherever he sees a hollow place. Most intelligent foreigners who witness this process, and are not familiar with the agricultural theory of roads, are apt to imagine that it is dictated by malice or carelessness—that the farmer wants to clean his ditches out, and, to save himself trouble, dumps the contents in the road, in sheer indifference to the comforts or convenience of travellers. Nobody who was familiar with the result could honestly say that this suspicion was entirely unjustifiable, for the stuff that is thus put on never hardens. After rain it

becomes a quagmire ; two or three days of sun convert it into dust, which horses and wheels raise into thick clouds, rendering driving in dry weather something only to be undertaken under pressure of necessity. It is not unnatural, therefore, to ascribe the putting of it on to malignity or selfishness. Nature, if left to herself, converts a track made over most parts of the country into a tolerably good road in time. The rains wash away the loose and soft clay from the surface and bring us rapidly down to "the hard pan," which, if kept tolerably level by filling the hollows with gravel and picking out protruding stones, is perhaps as good a highway as we can have without paving or macadamizing, except in very miry districts where the subsoil itself is soft. But this our road-menders are careful not to do. They pile on the "hard pan" all the soft, glutinous, gelatinous substances to be found in the neighborhood, or in other words, supply the materials for the two great pests of American country life—the mud and the dust. On the by-roads this nuisance is not so serious, because they are very rarely repaired, and one can accordingly often jog over them, if with a good deal of jolting, at least with eyes unbleared and lungs and nostrils unchoked. But the post-roads and great thoroughfares no trouble is spared to make impassable. Whatever ploughing and piling up soft dirt can do to make them killing to beasts and offensive to men is done with almost amusing conscientiousness. We never pass a party repairing a road in this way that we are not touched by the simple, un-

conscious, and unabashed air with which they dump the manure right under our wheels.

As there are a good many very worthy people who think this the proper way to make or repair a road, we may be pardoned for stating that ever since the days of the Romans it has been an acknowledged canon of the road-making art, that the first requisite of a road is hardness. The wheels of vehicles must not sink in it. Rain must not affect it beyond making it dirty. There must not be on it anything which the sun can convert into deep dust. The Romans found out, as soon as the empire began to extend, that nothing but hard highways diverging from the capital to every corner of their dominion would suffice to bind it together. The result was the construction of those magnificent causeways, composed of large square blocks of hewn stone, crossing hill and dale, and piercing right through forest and swamp for hundreds or thousands of miles as the crow flies, in every direction, and bringing home to the inhabitants of the remotest provinces, as nothing else could, the extent of the imperial power. "Far as the eye could reach," says the latest historian of the empire, "stretched these mysterious symbols of her all-attaining influence, and where the sense failed to follow, the imagination came into play, and wafted the thoughts of the awe-stricken provincial to the gates of Rome and the prætorium of the venerable emperor." When Rome fell, the roads went gradually to decay. During the Middle Ages nothing was done to repair them. Many of the great lines were totally abandoned.

Forests grew over them, the soil covered them, and the return of civilization found the modern world toiling through the mud of the self-same tracks across country which Cæsar had got rid of a thousand years previously. In short, the art of road-making was lost, and was not revived till the close of the last century, and the beginning of this, when good macadamized or paved roads began to make their appearance in all the countries of Western Europe, and had become general before the railroads took away the greater part of their importance.

With us, however, the smallness of the population compared to the area over which it was scattered, rendered any means of inland communication better than a cleared track through the forest out of the question. There was neither the money nor the labor to spare for anything better, and the sea and the rivers offered ample facilities for the transportation of merchandise ; carriages were scarce ; people performed most of their journeys on horseback, and we had hardly become conscious that our roads were bad, or rather that we had no roads, when railroads were invented. These of course became at once the great highways of the country, and the common roads relapsed into the apparently complete insignificance in which we now find them. That the public has not always been content with the "dirt road," however, was shown a few years ago by the number of plank roads that were constructed ; but it is safe to say that but very few people who have not seen the network of roads by which con-

tinental Europe and England are covered, or those of the Central Park, in New York, have any adequate idea either of what a good road is, or what a luxury it is to those who live beside it or have occasion to use it. The notions of the farmers on this subject are revealed in the kind of thing which they dress up in spring and call a good road—a bank of soft earth, slightly convex, and as far as contour goes sufficiently near perfection, but allowing wheels in wet weather to sink axle-deep in mud and in dry weather axle-deep in dust—in other words, differing in no respect from the adjoining fields except in the absence of grass and in being smoothed off.

This horrible simplicity of ours in the matter of roads, and, we may add, in all matters connected with travelling, is rendered more remarkable by our luxuriousness in other things—hotels, for instance—and by the fact that there is no people in the world who ride so much in carriages for pleasure. We believe there are not less than twenty carriages kept in America in proportion to population, for mere recreation, for the one kept in any European country, and, if we put aside the hacks in the great cities, in the use of which Europeans, for obvious reasons, far surpass us, we believe it is safe to say that for one vehicle hired in any European country for recreation, forty are hired here; so that there is, perhaps, no country in the world in which the condition of the roads is of so much importance to so large a number of persons. Why, then, are they not better?

That their length is so great in proportion to the

population, may be a sufficient answer as far as regards the West, but not as regards the Eastern States. The roads round Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia are in precisely the same condition as those of Iowa or Minnesota ; that is to say, they are hard or soft, wet or dry, according to the nature of the soil over which they pass, although they lie in some of the most densely peopled districts of the western world. Nor is the great cost of macadamizing any answer either. There are no richer communities to be found anywhere than those of our Eastern States—as compared say with Ireland or Switzerland, they may be called enormously wealthy—and yet both of these latter countries are covered with macadamized roads of the most extraordinary smoothness and hardness, always in perfect repair, and exhibiting, in the case of Switzerland, engineering triumphs of the most remarkable kind. The cost of some of the Swiss roads, such as that which has lately been completed across the Brünig Pass, or that which ascends from the Valais to Loèche, must have been enormous. And yet the Irish and Swiss roads are paid for and kept in repair by a population of poor farmers by rates levied on the counties or cantons. To be sure, in the case of the Swiss, good roads are part of their stock in trade, furnishing a strong attraction to tourists ; but this by no means covers the whole case. On the other hand, roads may be found in our Eastern States, running between miles on miles of villas or neat farm-houses, to the owners of which the cost of macadamizing the whole county would be a trifle, but who

nevertheless toil through mud and dust from year to year with saintly resignation.

We are driven to the conclusion, therefore, that it is because our people do not know what good roads are that they go without them, and for this reason we look upon the roads in the Central Park as possessing a value far beyond that which lies in the convenience they afford to promenaders. They are real educators. Nobody who walks or rides over them, and sees what wear and tear they save in horse-flesh, in harness, and carriages, is ever likely to be content again with the dirty lanes which the towns and villages of the country districts offer to the wayfarer, and in fact we already see macadamized roads spreading around New York.

We should hardly have dwelt on this matter at such length, important as it is in a material point of view, but for the bearing it has on that most serious problem over which so many Americans are now puzzling, of where and how to live. We are constantly deploring the growing tendency to crowd into the cities ; but of all the things which contribute to make the country repulsive as a dwelling place—to make life in it dull, monotonous, gloomy, and not always healthful—the badness of the roads stands first. It makes exercise on foot impossible except in the fall. It doubles the labor of horses and makes it necessary to keep two to do the work of one ; it doubles the cost of carriage repairs ; it makes social visiting difficult even between near neighbors, and in fact during two-thirds of the year relegates all who cannot afford to keep large studs to their own

houses and gardens. The road outside is in winter a river of mud ; in summer, a pit full of dust ; and it may be safely said, in fact, that children are able to be out of doors a far greater number of hours in the course of the year in the city than in the country, owing to the fact that in the former they have a paved sidewalk to take exercise on, from October until June.

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The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp, biting cold that seemed to penetrate my coat. I shivered as I walked towards the entrance of the building. The air was thick with a strange, metallic scent that I couldn't quite place. I had heard that the place was old, but I didn't realize how old. The building itself was a massive, imposing structure made of dark stone. Its windows were small and narrow, and many of them were boarded up. The entrance was a large, arched doorway that seemed to swallow me whole. I hesitated for a moment before stepping inside. The interior was dimly lit, with light coming from a few small, flickering candles. The floor was made of polished wood, and the walls were covered in intricate carvings. I walked deeper into the building, my footsteps echoing off the walls. I noticed a few other people in the distance, but they seemed to be more interested in the architecture than in me. I continued to walk, my curiosity growing with each step. Finally, I reached a large, open hall. In the center of the hall stood a large, ornate table. On the table were several books and papers. I walked towards the table, my heart pounding. I picked up one of the books and opened it. The pages were yellowed with age, and the handwriting was in a script I didn't recognize. I flipped through the pages, trying to make sense of what I was reading. Suddenly, I heard a loud noise. I turned around to see a group of people running towards me. They were shouting and screaming, and I didn't know what was going on. I tried to run, but I was too slow. One of the people reached me and grabbed my arm. He looked at me with a desperate expression and said, "Run! They're coming!" I didn't know who he was or what he meant, but I followed him. We ran through a series of corridors and rooms, dodging people and obstacles. I didn't know where we were going, but I trusted the man. Finally, we reached a large, open space. I looked around, but I didn't see anything. The man looked at me and said, "You're safe now. You can rest here." I didn't know what to say. I was still confused and scared, but I didn't want to leave. I stayed in that room for a few days, trying to figure out what was going on. I found out that the building was an old library, and that the people who were running were trying to escape from something. I didn't know what it was, but I knew that I was in danger. I stayed in that room for a few more days, and then I decided to leave. I packed my things and walked out of the building. I didn't look back. I didn't want to see what was waiting for me outside. I walked away from the building, and I never saw it again.

PEWS.

THE annual pew-renting at Mr. Beecher's meeting-house in Brooklyn concerns so many people, and interests so many whom it does not concern, that it is, in some sort, a public matter, and may be fairly made a subject of comment by the press. It shall certainly have no unfavorable or unfriendly comment from us. We have no reflections to make either on the operation itself or on the details of its conduct. Whatever want of taste there may be in the public exhibition which attracts the large crowd and excites so much pleasantry, is incidental merely, and in no wise detracts from the credit of the preacher whose power draws people from vast distances to hear him, and forces them into vehement competition for seats in his sanctuary. In few cases would the system adopted at Plymouth Church be anything but foolish and ruinous. It can succeed only where there is great demand for seats. Only extraordinary power will create such a demand, and, where the demand exists, it is natural that it should be used for purposes of revenue. It is in its general aspects that the question engages our attention. The

public are interested in knowing the best way of supporting religious institutions, and, at the same time, giving the advantage of them to the largest number of people, especially to those who most need or desire them, namely, the people in moderate circumstances. Religious instruction has become the luxury of the rich. Is there any help for it? If there is not, religion may as well be handed over to the upholsterers, to be used frankly for purposes of decoration. If there is a remedy, where is it? Must it not be found in some different method of seating people in places of worship? Here is the point. Three methods are in vogue: that of selling the pews and levying a specific tax on them for current expenses; that of annually renting them to the highest bidder; and that of leaving the sittings free and meeting the expenses by the voluntary subscriptions of those who are most interested and can best afford to pay. Of course we have no purpose to discuss at length the actual or the relative advantages or disadvantages of these methods; but the annual rental at Mr. Beecher's suggests a few thoughts bearing on the subject which may be worth considering.

To take, first, the unfavorable side of the Brooklyn plan, as that side is the most obvious, it may not be presuming to intimate that the "temporalities," as they are courteously called—in plain language, the money matters—crop out with an unseemly prominence in this method. When the pews are sold at a fixed price the financial movement is very quiet. The treasurer sends his bills to the proprietors, collects the rents, and

makes his annual business statement. Should the revenue be inadequate to meet the expenses, the tax on the original valuation of the pews is increased one or two per cent., and the additional income is gathered up as quietly as before. Nothing is said in church about money. The bare mention of money under this arrangement comes at last to be resented as an impertinence. In the free churches the contribution-box is a frequent apparition, but so frequent as to cause no surprise and occasion no disturbance in the train of thought. The bulk of the expense is carried by a few who privately subscribe and pay their promised sum. But on the auction principle there is no escaping the ring of the coin on the counter. The money-changers have the temple for one memorable evening—the Gospel is put up to the highest bidder, and he who can pay most has publicly assigned to him the best seat. There is the auctioneer, fresh from his sale of dry goods, stirring up the crowd to pay down a good price for their wine and milk, provoking competition, tempting all, perhaps, to give more than they want to, and many to pay more than they can afford, and making no few ashamed of their impecuniosity and their back seat. Dives anticipates his place in the kingdom, and Lazarus must be contented with his dim anticipation of Abraham's bosom. The rich man comes up to the Christ, holds out his porte-monnaie instead of dropping on his knees, and, instead of being sent away sorrowful, is invited to take the front seat. This is not handsome.

It is not handsome either to associate position in the

church with money. The aristocratic spirit will find its way into churches fast enough. Fashion will get its ecclesiastical authentication. The first society will have its chosen temple, and its favorite place therein. But these temples are not always associated with money ; nor are these favorite places identified with success in trade. The choice seats represent social position on the ground of family or elegance or culture, all implying a certain amount of refined taste—bad enough, to be sure ; exquisitely bad ; Pharisaism is none the worthier for being graceful, nor is snobbery any the less offensive to the spiritual sense for having its name on the selectest visiting list. Still, though no less offensive to the spiritual sense, to the æsthetical sense it is far less offensive. Worldiness is worldiness ; but refined worldiness is less shocking than unrefined. Money may be at the bottom of all of it at last, but money transmuted into gentle sentiment and lovely manners stands less in the way of worship than does money in the shape of bank-notes. There is such a thing as idealizing bullion, and pray let religion have it in its most ideal form.

But to touch a more vital point. What becomes of the poor in churches where the seats are knocked down to the highest bidder, and where the number of bidders is great enough to take up all the seats ? The poor it may be said have no chance in any popular church, whatever the mode of raising the income. If the pews are sold, the rich buy them. If they are taxed, the poor cannot pay the taxes. If admitted at all,

they must take such places as nobody wants. They may like good preaching as well as their richer neighbors ; but if the preaching be worth having, how are they to get it ? True ; but they are not usually pushed out as poor. They are not palpably made to feel their poverty. They are not known of all men as persons who are unable to hire seats. They are not forced to sit under the charge of demerit. Under the auction system, if they find admittance at all, they come in to take, not what is generously set apart for them, but what nobody can be found willing to pay for, what has been put up for sale and met no purchaser—in a word, what was left. And is not this to make poverty not only a misfortune, but a reproach, and a reproach in the very place of all places where it should be allowed to forget itself in the company of Him who was the great friend of the poor ?

To balance these disadvantages, the rental system has one great advantage which it shares in common with the free system, but which the ordinary system of sale and taxation misses entirely. It breaks up the uniformity of audiences, and allows congregations to change at least once a year. The free system allows them to change once a week, which is better, admitting of a constant flux and reflux, an incessant variety, and at the same time breaking up monotony in the weekly assemblies, flinging the people of all conditions promiscuously together, permitting no association to become fixed, no places to become appropriated, but enforcing an external semblance of humanity, which be-

comes more than a semblance in course of time. The custom of proprietorship in pews is fatal to everything of this kind. The society becomes more compact, but it does not become more sympathetic. It acquires an element of permanency, but it loses the element of humanity. It makes sure of people by pinning them to one and the same spot. The preacher sees before him year after year precisely the same persons. For a generation, perhaps, his auditors may not perceptibly change in character ; some will die ; some will leave the city or the neighborhood ; but the great body of them stay where they are. To the undevout it must seem as if the preacher could not but tell them all he knows a great many times over, and be tempted to tell them a great deal more than he knows for the sake of gaining their attention. The Word finds no vent or diffusion. Often the people cannot get away from the minister if they wish to. Their bodies are with their treasure, while their hearts are elsewhere ; they own the pew, and cannot sell it, so they go to church for their money's worth ; they would go elsewhere if they could, but they cannot afford two pews ; they wish it were in their power to give place to somebody who would enjoy the ministrations ; but it is not.

Often under this system the minister cannot get rid of his people. He knows that they dislike him on account of his opinions. He is sure that they are talking and plotting against him. He would be thankful if they would go and let others in. But how can he make them go ? They stand on their rights of prop-

erty ; they fortify their pews against the pulpit : they extend their fortifications by buying more pews, every pew representing a vote. They turn the church into a battle-ground, and are ready to fight it out till the minister leaves. This is no uncommon occurrence where pews are held as property. Under the auction rule nothing of this sort is possible. Discontent cannot be long lived. At the end of the year the malcontents have a chance to go. The preacher may feel all the time that he is preaching to people who, of their own free choice, come to hear him. Each hearer must decide deliberately whether to continue a hearer or not. If any come who do not wish to come, they must be very few. The audience will change materially every twelve months, and if they are floating, so much the better, for while they stay they will be alive, and when they go they will go to find something they like better.

But theoretically the free system commends itself as the most rational system. It is the only system that is truly social, hospitable, and sympathetic. It is the only system that fairly puts all worshippers on the same level. It is rarely attempted on a large scale ; it is seldom successful even on a small scale. It is not generally deemed practicable. But until it can be made so, the administration of religion will never, we are satisfied, be what it should be. The difficulties in the way of its operation are very great. We have few rich ecclesiastical corporations, very few wealthy religious endowments. We have divorced religion from the state, and forced it to depend for its support on the voluntary

contributions of its friends. The consequence is that few will pay for any religion but their own. But the time may come yet when the opulent classes will recognize religion, like education, as being a great public interest, to be maintained by those who are able to support it for those who are not. If that time ever does come, churches for the people will be established, as schools and colleges are, for the general benefit. All alike will share the blessing ; those who can will bear the cost.

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A CONNECTICUT VILLAGE.

It was founded in 1639, and by a small colony of emigrants from Stratford-on-Avon. This fact alone might well make us respect the place, but there is not a town or village in New England that could better rest satisfied with its many attractions. It stands on the western bank of the Housatonic or Ousatonick River, on a level plain, with the Sound three miles away on the south, the city of Bridgeport a little further off on the west, and with a rolling, rich, well-cultivated, and picturesque country on the north ; and although crossed by the line of the New York and New Haven Railroad, is one of the most quiet and lovely villages in the land. Its original name was Cupheag, and an Englishman named Fairchild purchased the land of the Poquanuck Indians, and was the first white man vested with authority over the town. When the purchase was first made, the whole township comprised what have since been known as the towns of Trumbull, Huntington, and Bridgeport, the last of which has become a flourishing city. The price paid for the whole grant is not known, but it is on record that a neighboring tract of land cost ten

blankets, six coats, one kettle, and a small assortment of hoes, hatchets, knives, and glasses. It was on account of similar outlays, undoubtedly, that the authorities of Stratford, thirty years after its settlement, voted that the Indians should not be permitted to plant corn anywhere, have their weapons mended by the smith, nor be employed by any citizens to look after "the horses, hogs, and other cattle." The town was named in memory of the English Stratford, is said to have been laid out after the same fashion, and, by those who have seen the two, the American town has been pronounced the more beautiful. The principal street is a mile long, runs north and south, and is intersected by a number of others, all of which are lined by unpretending houses, each one flanked by a handsome garden. The streets are wide, richly carpeted by a green sward, and fringed on either side by regular rows of elm and other trees, which are constantly composing themselves into beautiful pictures; while the rural beauty of the place is greatly enhanced by two or three of those open spaces which the old men of New England love to remember, in connection with their boyhood, as the village green. Two handsome churches with graceful spires, and another with less pretension, loom up above the sea of foliage; there is not a tavern in the place, nor any grogeries or drinking saloons; a local newspaper was never dreamed of; and the few shops, whose owners do not deem it necessary to hang out any signs, are stocked with very small and very miscellaneous assortments of merchandise. Birds build

their nests in every direction, and their sweet singing may be heard through all the hours of the summer day. Each householder in the town seems to be the possessor of a cow, and these cattle are driven to pasture in the morning, watched during the day, and brought home at sundown by a regular herdsman; and were it not for the occasional whistle of the passing locomotives, the charming quiet of the place would be profound and unbroken.

Two stories are told, illustrative of the repose which reigns in Stratford.

Some years ago a strange gentleman and his wife arrived in the village in their carriage, and after driving from one end of it to the other two or three times without meeting a single person, they became alarmed, and fancied that a plague might have depopulated the place. On further reflection, however, the stranger determined to stop at one of the pleasant houses he saw on every side. He did so, and the sound of the knocker on the door almost startled him with its terrible noise. In due time a lady made her appearance, and was saluted with the question :

“Can you tell me, madam, if this town is inhabited?”

“Yes, sir, it is,” replied the lady, “and by way of relieving your anxiety I will mention one fact. The reason why our streets are so quiet is this : the men of the place are all in the fields at work, the children are at school, and the housewives are at home preparing a good dinner for their families.” The gentleman thus obtained a new idea, and was satisfied.

The other is as follows: A Stratford gentleman one day entered his house in a troubled manner, pale and fainting, and earnestly called upon his wife and daughters for some camphor or cologne. These things were promptly administered, and after he had fairly recovered his speech, his wife bent over him and said:

“What is the matter with you, my dear?”

To this the invalid replied: “Nothing very serious, I hope, but while passing along Elm Street I actually *saw a man.*”

The condition of things in Stratford has somewhat changed during the past few years, but the quiet and repose of the village are still delightful. Many of its native citizens continue to live in the pleasant homes where they were born; others who were tempted to try and obtain fortunes in New York and other cities were successful, and, like men of sterling sense, have returned here to spend their declining years in peace.

That such a town as Stratford should afford anything in the way of romantic personal histories was hardly to be expected, but the subjoined story is authentic as well as interesting. At the commencement of the present century a young man made his appearance in the village, and spent a few weeks at the tavern which then existed to afford shelter to stage-coach travellers. Whence he came and what his business none could guess. Directly opposite the tavern stood the small cottage and the forge of a blacksmith named Folsom. He had a daughter who was the beauty of the village, and it was her fortune to captivate the heart of the

young stranger. He told his love, said that he was from Scotland, that he was travelling *incog.*, but in confidence gave her his real name, affirming that he was heir to a large fortune. She returned his love, and they were married. A few weeks thereafter the stranger told his wife that he must visit New Orleans ; he did so, and the gossips of the town made the young wife unhappy by their disagreeable hints and jeers. In a few months the husband returned, but before a week had elapsed he received a large budget of letters, and told his wife that he must at once return to England, and must go alone. He took his departure, and the gossips had another glorious opportunity to make a confiding woman wretched. To all but herself it was a clear case of desertion ; the wife became a mother, and for two years lived on in silence and in hope. At the end of that time a letter was received by the Stratford beauty from her husband, directing her to go at once to New York with her child, taking nothing with her but the clothes she wore, and embark in a ship for *her home* in England. On her arrival in New York she found a ship splendidly furnished with every convenience and luxury for her comfort, and two servants ready to obey every wish that she might express. The ship duly arrived in England, and the Stratford girl became the mistress of a superb mansion, and, as the wife of a baronet, was saluted by the aristocracy as Lady Samuel Sterling. On the death of her husband many years ago, the Stratford boy succeeded to the title and the wealth of his fathers, and in the last edition of the

“Peerage and Baronetage,” he is spoken of as the issue of “Miss Folsom of Stratford, North America.” When the late Professor Silliman visited England some years since, he had the pleasure of meeting Lady Sterling at a dinner party, and was delighted to answer her many questions about her birthplace in Connecticut.

If this paper were designed to be a complete history of Stratford, it would be necessary to print many pages about the early struggles and subsequent success of religion in this region. That is out of the question ; but, on account of the personal history of one most interesting divine and author connected with it, a passing notice of the Episcopal Church in Stratford is indispensable. It was the first established in Connecticut, and its founder was one who left the Puritans to become an Episcopalian, and whose name was Samuel Johnson. He was born at Guilford, Connecticut, October 14, 1696, where were also born his father and grandfather, both men of distinction and deacons in the Congregational Church, while his great-grandfather, who came from Yorkshire, England, was one of the first settlers of New Haven. He was educated at the College of Saybrook, which subsequently found a permanent resting place in New Haven, and after the change of location, and while only twenty years of age, he became a tutor in what is now known as Yale College ; was honored with the degree of Master of Arts ; and was the first man who in 1718 lodged and set up housekeeping in the institution. In 1720 he became a preacher of the Gospel, and was settled at West Haven as a Con-

gregationalist. He soon afterwards became the leader of a party of three or four who pioneered their way into the Episcopal Church, and, resigning his charge, he went to England to obtain orders, received from Oxford and Cambridge the degree of Master of Arts, and in 1723 was settled in Stratford as the first regularly ordained Episcopal clergyman in the colony. At first his flock consisted of only thirty families, and the persecutions which he endured from the Congregationalists were almost unparalleled. Some of them went so far as to put chains across their streets to prevent the horrible Episcopalians from going to church, while others would not sell him vegetables and other country produce for the support of his family. His great ability, however, as well as his high character as a man of intellect and a Christian, overcame all these obstacles, and he was triumphantly successful.

On the arrival in this country of Berkeley (the Dean of Derry and Bishop of Cloyne), in 1729, the rector of Stratford became his intimate friend, corresponded with him for many years, introduced his works to the *literati* of America, made him so interested in Yale College as to secure a present of one thousand valuable books to that institution, as well as a present of ninety acres of land in Rhode Island for its benefit. After a continuous battle of twenty years in behalf of his Church, the University of Oxford conferred upon our rector the degree of Doctor of Divinity, which honor was followed by many kind letters from the best men in England. In 1754, against his own wishes, but because eminent

friends told him it was his duty, he accepted the presidency of the newly established King's College in New York (now Columbia College), where his services were invaluable until 1763, when he returned to Stratford to spend the remainder of his days in ease and leisure. Here he died on the 6th of January, 1772, and lies buried in the grave-yard of Christ Church, where two church buildings were erected under his eye, and were the predecessors of the present tasteful edifice occupying the same site. On the monument which commemorates his death are inscribed, after a Latin inscription, the following lines :

“ If decent *dignity* and modest mien,
 The cheerful *heart* and countenance serene ;
 If pure *religion* and unsullied truth,
 His *age's* solace, and his search in youth ;
 If *piety* in all the paths he trod,
 Still rising vigorous to his Lord and God :
 If *charity* thro' all the race he ran,
 Still willing well, and doing good to man ;
 If LEARNING, free from pedantry and pride ;
 If FAITH and VIRTUE, walking side by side ;—
 If well to mark his being's aim and end,
 To shine through life a HUSBAND, FATHER, FRIEND,
 If *these* ambition in thy soul can raise,
 Excite thy reverence, or demand thy praise ;—
Reader, ere yet thou quit this earthly scene,
 Revere his name, and be what he has been.”

MYLES COOPER.

For a sketch of the life of Doctor Johnson, and an eloquent estimate of his exalted character as the first scholar of the day in America, the reader is referred to a small volume, published in 1805, by Dr. Thomas B. Chandler, of New Jersey, while the subjoined list of his

writings will afford an opportunity of estimating his services as an author, viz.: "Plain Reasons for Conforming to the Church;" "Compendium of Logic and Metaphysics"—printed by Franklin; "Demonstration on the Reasonableness and Duty of Prayer;" "Beauty of Holiness in the Worship of the Church of England;" an English grammar, a Church catechism, a Hebrew grammar, an English and Hebrew grammar, and a variety of pamphlets on theological and literary subjects, published between the years 1732 and 1771.

Another man of note associated with Stratford was William S. Johnson, son of Dr. Samuel. He was born here October 7, 1727, graduated at Yale College in 1744, and was a lawyer of distinction and an eloquent orator. In 1765 and 1785 he was a delegate to the Congress at New York, and in 1776 an agent for the Colony to England, where he formed the acquaintance of many leading men. In 1772 he was judge of the Connecticut Supreme Court and a member of the convention that formed the Federal Constitution. He was also a Senator in Congress from 1789 to 1791; received from Oxford the degree of Doctor of Laws; and from 1792 to 1800 he was president of Columbia College, New York, after which he returned to Stratford, where he died November 14, 1819, and lies buried by the side of his distinguished father.

As allusions have already been made to five generations of the Johnson family of Stratford, it may here be mentioned, for the sake of completeness, that Samuel William Johnson, a lawyer and judge of retired

habits, was the son of the senator, and that his son, William Samuel Johnson, is the present representative of the family, who has several brothers to participate with him in bearing the honored name. And this fact brings us (as did the courtesy of that gentleman bring the writer of this chapter) into the Johnson Library of Stratford. This collection numbers between four and five thousand volumes, and seven generations of highly educated men have participated in the labor of bringing them together. It was also enriched by contributions from such men as Bishop Berkeley, Benjamin Franklin, and Samuel Johnson, the great author of England. The several proprietors of this rare and truly precious private library have occasionally given away what we might call a swarm of books, but perhaps the most graceful present of this kind was one of several hundred volumes, printed between the years 1577 and 1791, and presented to Columbia College by the present owner. The collection, as it now stands, is especially rich in theology, the early English classics, the antiquities of England, the Greek and Latin authors, and in its dictionaries, with a rare sprinkling of black letter and Elzevir volumes. Here may also be found several curious editions of the Bible ; but perhaps the most curious, interesting, and valuable single volume is the "*Icon Basiliké* ; or, The Works of that Great Monarch and Glorious Martyr, King Charles I., both Civil and Sacred ; and Pourtraicture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings." The edition here mentioned was printed at the Hague in 1648, a few days after the

death of the king, and hence its especial value. Those acquainted with the work need not be told that the proof is quite conclusive as to its having been the veritable production of the king, though long disputed ; that it went through fifty editions in one year ; that Hume declares it to have led to the restoration of the royal family ; that it was greatly praised even by Milton, the personal friend of Cromwell ; that, as the alleged production of the murdered sovereign, it caused an intense interest throughout the world ; and that the critics of the time pronounced it the best specimen of English writing then in existence. The man whose taste and learning are chiefly represented by this admirable library was the Rev. Dr. Samuel Johnson. Here it was that, after his return from New York, surrounded by these venerable tomes, he lived the happy and peaceful life of a scholar, and kept up an extensive correspondence with the most learned and eminent men of England and America. And that mass of correspondence, which is still preserved, with an elaborate journal kept by Dr. Samuel Johnson, may, perhaps, be considered the very cream of the Johnson library. That portion of it bearing upon church history has already been extensively studied by clerical pilgrims from all parts of the land ; while that portion which is of a miscellaneous character, addressed to the rector and senator, is quietly awaiting the fate of all unpublished correspondence by men of distinction.

A desultory account of Stratford, like the present, should not omit an allusion to General David Wooster,

who was born here in 1711. He graduated at Yale College in 1738, served as the captain of an armed vessel in the Spanish war, as a captain of militia in the expedition against Louisburg in 1745, went to France with a lot of prisoners, and from thence to England, where he received certain honors, served as commandant of a brigade in the French war, espoused the cause of America in 1764, aided in defending New York, had command of our troops in Canada, where he rendered important services, was subsequently made a major-general of the Connecticut militia, and during a skirmish with the British troops at the time of their incursion to Danbury in 1777, received a shot which terminated his life in a few days. He was a brave officer, an ardent patriot, and a man of the highest integrity and virtue.

But a few additional words must be devoted to the Stratford of the present time. A love of religion and of the intellectual and beautiful seems to permeate its entire population; and although its two leading denominations of Christians were wont to battle valiantly for the cause of truth and prejudice in the olden times, the most perfect harmony now exists between them, and both alike deserve honorable mention for what they have accomplished. To church people alone the history of the Congregational Church is quite as interesting as that of the Episcopal, but the latter had the advantage on the score of general interest on account of its distinguished founder. American literature has also been enriched by two citizens of Stratford now living,

viz., Rev. J. Mitchell and J. Olney, Esq. "The Reminiscences of Scenes and Characters of College, by a Graduate of Yale," the work of the former, is an exceedingly well written volume, useful in purpose and full of sound wisdom and Christian feeling. And the same compliment may be paid to his other productions, viz., "Notes from over the Sea," "My Mother ; or, Recollections of Maternal Influence," "Days of Boyhood," a tale entitled "Rachell Kell," and "The New England Churches," in which the subject of Congregationalism is well-nigh exhausted. This gentleman was also for many years editor of the *Christian Spectator* in New Haven, and his books were published anonymously. The School Geographies and Histories of the latter are well known as having acquired an almost unequalled circulation. While the art treasures of the town are not extensive, there are a few pictures here which will be found worth hunting up by men of taste. In the Johnson Library may be found the best portrait extant of Jonathan Edwards, a connection of the family, painted by or copied after Copley ; one of Rev. Dr. Johnson, also by Copley ; one of Senator Johnson, by Stuart ; and a print of Samuel Johnson of England, after Reynolds, which was presented to Senator Johnson by the original, and pronounced by him the best likeness ever executed.

THE END OF THE WORLD

It is a very old story, the end of the world, and it has been told in many different ways. In the Bible, it is told in the Book of Revelation, where the prophet John describes the visions he saw of the future. In the Book of Daniel, it is told in the story of the four kingdoms, which are said to be the four great empires of the world. In the Book of Isaiah, it is told in the story of the fall of Babylon, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Ezekiel, it is told in the story of the fall of Jerusalem, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Jeremiah, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Judah, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Lamentations, it is told in the story of the fall of Jerusalem, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Psalms, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of David, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Proverbs, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Solomon, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Ecclesiastes, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Xerxes, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Esther, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Persia, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Daniel, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Babylon, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Revelation, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Rome, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Isaiah, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Assyria, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Ezekiel, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Tyre, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Jeremiah, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Egypt, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Lamentations, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Israel, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Psalms, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Moab, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Proverbs, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Ammon, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Ecclesiastes, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Edom, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Esther, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Persia, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Daniel, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Babylon, which is said to be the end of the world. In the Book of Revelation, it is told in the story of the fall of the kingdom of Rome, which is said to be the end of the world.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

MR. JOHN FOSTER, the most uncomfortable person of the last two or three centuries, a man who delighted himself by elaborating doleful essays on "Decision of Character," "Popular Ignorance," and similar depressing subjects, not content with making himself as wretched as possible by sad consideration of the past history of the human race, the present unhappy estate of himself and every other human being, and the melancholy condition to which we are all to be reduced hereafter, used to torment himself, as the readers of his works may see, by reflecting despondently on the griefs and woes of posterity. In more than one place he has expressed in his habitual style—a style, by the way, which is the vehicle of thoughts so gloomy, and withal so dead, that one is reminded of a highly ornamented hearse—his painful sense of the hardships and labors to be endured by the people of the twentieth century. Prominent among these prospective miseries he placed the growth—and, of course, he expected their increase to be in a villainous geometrical ratio—of books of

travels. A man, says he, going from one capital to another, by ordinary means of conveyance, is able to see for about a gunshot on each side of the road. The people and their manners the wayfarer observes in the stages and at the taverns where he sleeps. Then he must write a book. But, says Foster, still borrowing trouble, suppose the section of country which the tourist has seen to be represented on a map of the world, and it will be represented fairly by a light pencil-mark. Now consider, he goes on, the small part of the world at present covered by these pencil-marks ; consider the nature of the tourist, and how necessary it is to him to produce these volumes ; and, again, consider the enormous number of such volumes already printed, and yet again consider, says poor Foster, getting unhappier every moment, consider the likelihood of improvement in the means of locomotion ; the imagination begins to faint under the idea of the task to be performed by our miserable posterity when the whole round world is just newly pencilled over.

In fact, however, we who are the posterity in question seem to be not staggering under our anticipated burden. Heads of families, we should say, have ceased to advise the young to "peruse voyages and travels," and to shun novels, and probably the last uncle has presented the last nephew with the last copy of "Travels in the Interior Districts of Africa, by Mungo Park," which once every Young Man's Guide recommended, as combining instruction with entertainment. The army of old-time tourists who, when they went abroad, took

blank books with them, and made them blanker, and then put them into print, does not now exist in anything like its old force. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, to be sure, occasionally "does" a country, and there is also Mr. Bayard Taylor, who has utilized all the kingdoms of the earth, and J. Ross Browne and G. Augustus Sala pretty continually go to and fro on the globe, and wander up and down it. And of course the Englishman travelling in the United States regards the custom of old days as being still so much in force as to warrant him in writing an astonishing book of observations upon the Yankee, his cataract of Niagara, his Mammoth Cave, his manners, his beasts of chase, and the really astonishing growth of his towns. The Owen or Agassiz of these specimens of literature might construct one of them complete from such a sample bit of them as this, for instance, which we suppose to have been written in 1837, or thereabouts. We quote from memory: "Niles is a thriving town, on the St. Joseph River, on the borders of the Potawatamie territory. Churches, a printing-press, and a theatre are now in operation where but ten years ago the ring of the woodman's axe was rarely heard. We observed a mounted Indian riding down the bluff and looking toward the town, pondering, perhaps, on the fate of his race doomed to cruel extinction, and in the streets we saw several squaws wearing nose-rings and other barbaric ornaments. Of course, having arrived late at the hotel, it was impossible to procure supper after the regular feeding-time, and we had to content ourselves by 'liquoring-up' in the bar-

room and eating a dry 'cracker.'" The Frenchman, too, occasionally puts forth a work of philosophy and feeling, exposes the want of insight of his British brother, felicitates his country, France, ever generous and magnanimous, on having created this wonderful state, so strong, so new, so fresh, which lays the foundations of the future, while Europe is engaged in patching and sweeping clean its ruins of the past, and marvels at the respect of Americans for women ; he shows how this is accounted for by the free institutions which Jefferson, profoundly impressed by the ideas of France, planted here, and how—alas ! one must confess it—this respect for these beings so beautiful but so fragile, so destitute of thought, so without the care of the mother, loved by men immersed in business, whom the stranger can see to be adored but without influence, unsatisfied, full of vague longing—in fine, so unhappy—this respect is apparent rather than real.

But, on the whole, the readers, and consequently the writers, of books of travel have vastly decreased in numbers within twenty-five or thirty years. Perhaps their books have not absolutely decreased in numbers, but relatively to other books they have. Volumes upon the grand tour are altogether out of date. Almost no Americans even inform us, nowadays, of the condition of Shakespeare's tomb, and describe Westminster Abbey, or make reflections on the evils of monarchies and dine with the aristocracy of England, or ramble with us through the galleries of continental cities, or describe the Bay of Naples and the picturesque Italian

peasant. The "English Reader," if it were now to be prepared for the use of schools, would no more contain its account of the Grotto of Antiparos than it would contain those extracts from Cicero against Verres, or its "How long, O Catiline! wilt thou abuse our patience?" There is no boy who now reads those tales of shipwreck in the polar seas or captivity among the Moors which once were bought for every Young Men's Library. We doubt if, among all the readers of the Boston *Investigator*, any one now buys M. Volney's evil-intentioned "Travels through Egypt and Syria in the years 1783, 1784, and 1785."

M. Volney, by the way, after telling us that a small sum of money fell to him by inheritance, and that his thirst for knowledge disposed him to spend it in travel rather than otherwise, and that he decided upon going to the countries where arose those religious customs and ideas that have had so much influence on mankind, states that he was confirmed in his resolution to publish "by the difficulties attending travelling in those countries, which have therefore but seldom been visited, and are but imperfectly known."

Doubtless this remark of his suggests a good part of the reason why this once most popular of all branches of literature has so much fallen into decay. Mr. Seward telegraphed the other day to a United States Consul residing not far from the pyramids. The revolt in Crete is detailed by the Hoe presses of Athens. A man can count the days required for journeying by rail and steamship from London, through the Pillars of

Hercules and the Red Sea, to the East Indies and Far Kathay. What country or countries remain in which there are "difficulties attending travelling;" and, now that young English persons of both sexes "leave their copies of Tennyson on the top of Mont Blanc," what places are there which "have but seldom been visited, and are, therefore, but imperfectly known?" Exceedingly few. Palgrave was able to make a fine book about Arabia a while ago; and the interior districts of Africa since Mungo Park was there, if nobody knows how many stupid books they have furnished material for, have also been the subject of four or five excellent works. The springs of the Nile are now discovered though exit Africa. Vámbéry's remarkable book is not to be forgotten either. And no doubt Turkestan, and Thibet, and Japan, and Siberia, if all its tremendous story could be told, might fill some volumes which would be entertaining enough and would satisfy a good deal of curiosity. Besides, even half-civilized and savage mankind are worth studying, for man is a problem that cannot well be looked at from too many points of view. But universal trade and railroads and telegraphs have made it so easy to see strange countries that there are hardly any strange countries left to see, and as the age of travel begins, the age of books of travel disappears.

But this facility of locomotion and the excess to which the writing of travels was once pushed cannot be held the sole cause of the result we see. A fanciful man might speculate curiously whether the introspective

tendencies of the modern mind may not have had much to do with diminishing a sort of literature essentially objective. And a historian of travel-writing, adopting this theory, might show the gradual descent from the objective writing of Herodotus in the first age of literature, or of Benjamin of Tudela or Sir John Mandeville in the Middle ages, down through the jumble of objective-subjective in the writings of those tourists who record for us their bills of fare and no sooner get from home than they think themselves of importance enough to have their indigestions chronicled, down further to travellers such in dead earnest as Sterne was half in jest, whose journeys are sentimental and records of their whims, or like Chateaubriand, whose journeys are sentimentalistic and full of gushing eloquence. Quite possibly it may be that the study of the microcosm has interfered with the study of the macrocosm ; a century of which Hamlet is said to be the type, should hardly be much inclined to go far and wide seeking other men, or women either, under foreign foul collections of vapors.

But it is the periodical press which has been the chief agent in driving the labored volume of travels out of the field. The newspapers send out a correspondent if there is war in Wallachia, and another to the Tyrol when war comes there, and others to India or Tennessee or the Crimea, or to Japan with the embassy, and another to Jamaica when the results of emancipation are to be studied, and to Bermuda to see how coolies work, and to the land of claret and olives

when information is wanted as to the French system of minute division of land among heirs. No reader of the *Herald* need be ignorant that the Russians drink lemon-juice in their tea, or that they embrace and kiss their male friend though he should hold an official position of dignity. What country, from Sable Island to the Black Sea, has not been put into papers for "Harper's Monthly?" Has not the *Tribune* resident correspondents in all quarters of the globe? No book on England contains the tenth part of what one may read in the regular London correspondence of Cincinnati *Gazettes* and Chicago *Tribunes*; yea, even from countries dead and gone one reads letters, as, for example, the dismal screeds that somebody sends to the *Times* from the late Confederacy, to say nothing of the Toledo *Blade*, with its correspondent at Confedrit Cross Roads. And, till newspapers that must be filled each day, and magazines that must be filled each month, shall be abolished, and until the people cease to thirst for immediate news from every point, where anything that can be called news is happening, we shall still see the world in the journals, and keep our Hakluyts on our newspaper files and in our cyclopædias.

VERSE-MAKING.

IT was once the custom in many reviews, calling themselves Christian and civilized, and so regarded each by its private sect or following, to immolate at least one young poet quarterly at the shrine of stony-faced and rocky-bosomed criticism. It was esteemed a charming diversion, if not an act of religion, in the days of Mr. Gifford or of Mr. Wilson Croker, to make some timid and feeble rhymers ridiculous, to put him out of countenance by merciless sneering, and to demonstrate his foibles and failures for the amusement of a giggling public. Pope set the fashion of denouncing dunces, and all the writers who had bad hearts, and could string together ten-syllabled couplets, thought it manly and vigorous to follow his somewhat peevish example. Criticism, however purposeless and virulent, is apt to assume the airs of an offended and impatient morality, and to take credit to itself for smiting remorselessly and conscientiously. But imbecility, at least when it is inoffensive, should be privileged, and professional flaw-picking, exercised sheerly for the purpose of giving pain, is no more respectable than the profes-

sional flogging and pickling which prevailed not long ago in certain parts of the United States. At the same time, while avoiding all personal application, we may venture to point out a foible which is a well-marked and not altogether an encouraging characteristic of our own day, and to suggest to the innumerable writers of verse that, however much they may be permitted to sing for their own sake, the world just now has but small need of their wares. Goethe once boasted that, in all his life, he had "never thought about thinking," and we would enter a protest which we are sure is honest, and which we think is timely, against the making of verses for the sake of verse-making. Metrical indulgence, both in England and this country, has grown into an epidemical and inveterate habit, not cultivated as it should be, if at all, in a corner, but published to all the world, which is continually challenged to admire endless variations of a few themes long ago worn threadbare. Facility of execution, at best a natural or acquired knack, is mistaken for genuine inspiration ; nor does there seem to be any pretence of considering whether the world is in need of any addition to its already large poetical stock. It is with the most sincere kindness that we take the liberty of pointing out, particularly to the young, the waste of time, of strength, and of mental serenity which this universal strumming involves.

Twenty years ago there was exhibited in London a machine, not the human product of a college, but literally a material machine, which made excellent

Latin hexameters. The unfortunate inventor had spent thirteen precious years of his life in perfecting "the Eureka," as he called it. Without wasting our time in explaining this curious puzzle, it is enough to say that it actually ground out hexameters which were like those of Virgil in some respects, but considerably unlike them in others.

It seems to us that it is very much in this way that many modern brains produce what its authors call poetry, and its judicious critics verse. It is a literal making. The memory is full of phrases, the ear of familiar quantities; fashion or accident supplies the subject, and daily practice renders the construction easy. So skilful sometimes is this species of metrical manufacture, that it is hard to determine with accuracy, while we feel its deficiency, in what that deficiency consists. There is a modest respectability which deceives the careless reader who accepts sound for sense, without any suspicion of the trick which is played upon his ear. Coleridge once wrote a few verses of absolute nonsense in the manner of Dr. Darwin, which he read to a lady, who rewarded him by seriously exclaiming, "Ah, Mr. Coleridge, now I see that you *are* a poet." This we admit to be an extreme illustration; but there are thousands of rhymers now spinning longs and shorts, and sometimes confounding them, whose work, we must say unfortunately, has just sense enough in it to save it from wholesome and decisive condemnation. If they were absolute fools they would soon be laughed into silence; but as their stanzas are to a certain ex-

tent rational, the good-natured public receives them with a fatal affability, and has no call to forgive a mediocrity which it is too indolent or too indifferent to detect. Every editor receives bushels of verses which he might print, if he had but room for them, without any particular discredit to his taste or judgment. Their authors naturally do not understand their rejection. "Is not this," they say, "as good as Tennyson? Is it not, at least, very much like him? Does not this remind you of Mr. Browning? Might not this be mistaken for one of Mr. Longfellow's own productions?" Of course there is bitter disappointment.

We readily admit that verse-making is an elegant accomplishment, an innocent amusement, and a real auxiliary in the education of the mind to elevated habits and a daily recognition of the comely and ideal in spite of the pertinacious intrusion of the inevitable vulgarities of life. It is, or it can be trained to be, a protection against those low aims and selfish purposes into the adoption of which we are so easily betrayed. As the record of our best experiences and healthiest discipline, as a memorandum of our sincerest resolutions and most earnest regrets, as a relief to the sorrow which otherwise might too bitterly prey upon the mind, as a grateful tribute to love or to affection, as the natural expression of a certain class of noble and lovely thoughts, verse may be the readiest and most appropriate form of recording so much of our life as we wish especially to remember. It may train the hand as a fine landscape trains the eye, and make the best words and

phrases habitual in our conversation. But the chief charm not less than the chief utility of this private verse-making is in its indomitable privacy, and in the indignation and just self-estimate with which it shrinks from publication. "I have painted many bad pictures," said a gentleman in our hearing, "but I have never exhibited them;" and there was wisdom in the painting not less than in the privacy. It was well to paint—it was well also to conceal; it is well to write verse—it may be excellent to keep it in one's portfolio, to be resolute against sending it to the newspapers, to be chary of reading it to the best beloved and most patient of friends. It is certainly no argument against the validity of any composition that it embodies thoughts and feelings which, though novel to the individual, are yet common to the race; but this consideration diminishes the necessity and propriety of formal publication, and should warn us against the sheer vanity of parading truisms which, however fine and familiar, are truisms still. It is the secret of poetical vitality that it expresses what the majority of men have felt, and after one happy spirit has found fit words and music for the general thought, a mockery of the original song becomes easy to hundreds who sing from a recollection of what has pleased them, and ape the minstrel airs of the Byron of yesterday or of the Tennyson of to-day. It is wonderful how much clever journey-work of this kind is performed, and from one point of view it is encouraging, for the prevalence of this accomplishment does indicate, we are free to admit, a degree of popular refinement,

and even a good deal of appreciative taste. But there is nothing new in it. We suppose that there was a mob of gentlemen in Rome who wrote easily, as we know that there was in England in the days of Dryden. But schools, magazines, newspapers, have made this poetical imitation cheap and common, while the passion for printing has kept pace with the multiplied mechanical facilities of printing—the power-press being responsible for thousands of volumes which nothing can save from oblivion, and which represent more heart-burning, more disappointment, and more ludicrous self-complacency than we care to compute. Poetry has grown to be like photography. We have all one's friends and acquaintances in our albums in their holiday raiment and with a perpetual putting on of their best looks ; and altogether they are not worth so much to us as some old portrait of some unknown man or woman long ago dead, the painter of which knew the secret of avoiding that air of conscious propriety which no sitter before the camera can put off. There is no fault to be found with the photograph except the paradoxical one that it is so extremely like that it is not like at all. It is equally hard to say, sometimes, why or in what poetical disciples are not the equals of their masters ; but the mysterious vice of imitation makes us indifferent to their best stanzas and deprives their finest tunes of the charm of sincerity. Byron said of Mr. Sotheby that he had imitated all the poets of his time, and had occasionally beaten all his models ; yet a verse-maker more entirely forgotten than Mr. Sotheby we cannot at this moment remember.

We protest, in conclusion, that we have no quarrel with the *cacoëthes scribendi*, which we believe may often be turned to good account. It is from the folly of printing or of attempting to print that we would good-naturedly dissuade hundreds of estimable persons. The young gentleman who can make a clever sketch does not send it to the Artists' Exhibition. The young lady who can play tolerably well a concerto of Beethoven does not advertise a concert at the Academy. The best declaimer of the "private theatricals" does not apply to Mr. Wallack for an engagement. If we have amateur fiddlers and painters and pianists content with strictly domestic glory, why may we not have amateur versifiers building the lofty rhyme without the least ambition, and sending their sonnets to the seclusion of their desks, or to the albums of their gentle if not judicious friends? It may be pleasant to print, but it is also pleasant to burn; and to those who have never experienced the latter gratification, we cordially commend the experiment.

SOMETHING ABOUT MONUMENTS.

LET us assume that about one-half of the memorial buildings which it is now proposed to erect within the United States will be built during the next few years. It appears, then, that many American cities and villages, now somewhat bare of other ornament than wayside trees, will either be adorned by good buildings or disfigured by very bad ones, and that many cemeteries will either gain their first good monuments or be more than ever burdened by those which are poor and tame. For it is difficult to build a monument of negative merit. Such buildings, as they have no utilitarian character, must be truly beautiful, or they are ugly and hurtful; like statues, they must be noble, or they are worthless. And there is a necessity, similar and almost as positive, of great artistic excellence in those buildings which unite a practical use with their monumental purpose.

It will be well, therefore, if those who intend to give money or time to build monuments will give a little thought on the subject as well. We Americans are not so sure of ourselves in artistic enterprises that we can afford to omit the common precaution of thinking about

the work we mean to do. Good monuments are not so plenty anywhere in the world that habit has grown to be second nature, and that monuments in the future will somehow be good also. But, in both these cases, the converse is true. Of thousands of sepulchral and commemorative monuments built during the last three hundred years in Europe, statues, triumphal arches, columns, temples, obelisks, scarce one in a thousand is good. Out of hundreds of architectural enterprises brought to some conclusion in America, scarce one in a hundred has been even reasonably successful. There is no undertaking for which most people in the United States are less ready than this of building the monuments which they earnestly desire to build—monuments to their townsmen, college-mates, or associates, who have fallen in the war—monuments to the more celebrated of our military heroes—monuments to the honored memory of our dead President.

Peculiar difficulties will surround and hinder these undertakings, because nearly all these proposed memorials will be built, if at all, by associations ; few by private persons. When a gentleman of average intelligence wishes to erect a monument to his brother or friend, there is a reasonable chance that he will employ an architect or sculptor of reputation and professional ambition, even if not of the first artistic skill, and so get a memorial that neither artist nor employer need be ashamed of. But there is much less chance of this in the case of action by a community or association. If a city or society employ an artist, without experimenting

with a "competition," they very seldom select the best or even one among the best of the artists within their reach; political influence, private friendship, personal popularity, accidental availability, or temporary popular favor, always interfere to govern the choice. If they resort to competition the result is not practically different; for, supposing the most absolutely fair and careful consideration by the judges of the submitted designs, and supposing the submission of a great number of good designs, what likelihood is there that the judges are fit to judge? How many committees of management, or boards of trustees, or building committees with power, contain each a majority of men who understand the complex and many-sided art of ornamental architecture? How many persons are there in the land, not professed architects or sculptors, who can select the best among twenty or ten designs, each design illustrated only by formal and technical drawings, or by these aided by a fancifully colored and shaded "perspective view" of a building which it is proposed to erect? It is not enough to have "good taste"—to have a correct natural feeling for beauty of form, or to be accustomed to drawings. No man is at all fit to pick out one design among many, unless he has some knowledge of what has been and of what can be done in actual marble, stone, and bronze. There is apt to be a gentleman on every committee who has travelled in Europe, and who gets great credit for knowledge and judgment, and great influence over his colleagues on that account. But that gentleman must give proof of a better than guide-book knowledge of

what he has seen, and of a less confused memory than most travellers bring home, and of having bought photographs of the best buildings instead of those most beloved by *valets de place*, before he can be considered an authority by sensible stayers-at-home. It will often be better if the judges will decide by lot—as judges have been known to do—among the designs laid before them. There will then be a reasonable chance that they accept the best design, which chance dwindles indefinitely when most committees of selection attempt to select.

Private tombstones are not included in the class of monuments we are considering. But there is one simple and not necessarily expensive kind of monument which is often used for a private tombstone, and which will answer as well for many other occasions, namely, the obelisk. The word means any object of the well-known shape, square in plan, higher than thick, gradually diminishing in size from the base upward, until the gradual taper suddenly ends at a sharp edge, and a square pyramid with much-inclined sides terminates the whole. The form is wrongly used in such cases as Bunker Hill Monument, because so large and expensive a building can be much more effective and beautiful in another form; the famous monument named has the one merit only of being likely to endure a long time. It is wrongly used in such cases as the monument at Munich to the Bavarians who fell in Napoleon's Russian campaign, because bronze cannot be more foolishly used than by being cast into flat plates, and

so built up into a hollow square tower, and the cannon which were melted to make this monument would have been better employed if they had been piled in pairs like a child's corn-cob house. The obelisk should always be a monolith, a single block of granite ; and in that case it is not a contemptible ambition to get your obelisk as large as possible, and pay largely for quarrying, transporting, and setting up a great stone. It would not be a work of fine art, but it would be a labor of love and a worthy work for a city, to try to get out of American quarries a rival of the Egyptian Obelisk at Paris, red syenite, seventy feet high, and half a million pounds in weight ; or the equal of the yet vaster one at Rome ; or one such as a czar might have had, according to the story, a hundred feet high, had not his workmen obeyed orders too literally. But the purpose of an obelisk is not all fulfilled when it is smoothed and set up. The Egyptian idea of this monument was the idea of an excellent place for inscriptions. They covered their obelisks with their picture-writing, from base to summit. Not as the Worth Monument in New York carries the names of battles, cut in raised letters, at great expense ; not as the same ugly structure carries its bas-reliefs, and " trophies of arms," in cast bronze ; but simply cut into the smooth face of the granite, these inscriptions can be seen from afar, and will remain forever. The obelisk shares with the pyramid the honor of being an emblem of eternity. The granite monolith is indestructible by time, and nearly so by the hand of man. Cut to-day your inscription, half a volume long,

on the four smooth faces of a monolithic obelisk of hard granite, and there is no reason why three thousand years any more than one year should efface the letters.

Almost all forms of monument that have been sanctioned by the use of ages, and are in themselves excellent, are more or less associated with sculpture. And memorial sculpture is, of course, generally portraiture. It will be found that most of those monumental forms which are the best and the most universally loved, were originally intended for the reception, protection, and exhibition of portrait statuary; such, for instance, is the monument in Trinity Church-yard, New York, in memory of those who died in British prison-ships during the Revolutionary War. It is a canopy of four Gothic arches, raised upon a high base, and surmounted by a tall spire. It is pleasing in outline and in detail, but the open canopy is blank and empty, nothing being seen through its arches but the trees beyond. The original type of this form of monument is found in those canopied tombs of the Gothic time, so numerous once in northern churches, still so numerous in Italy both in churches and in the open air. And, looking back to these, the models—models, also, of all artistic excellence—we find the canopy put to use, covering nearly always that modification of the ancient sarcophagus known as the altar tomb. These tombs vary in style and character with the different ages of the art, but the typical form is a sarcophagus two or three feet high, long enough to receive a life-sized effigy, and wide enough for one such effigy or for two. Upon the slab

forming the cover was laid the figure of the dead, as if asleep, the head upon a round pillow, the feet together, and often resting upon a lion or hound, or else crossed one over the other, the hands brought together as in prayer. These effigies were sometimes carved in marble or stone, sometimes cast in bronze. The sides of the tomb were decorated with heraldic devices or with figure sculpture representing incidents in the life of the deceased, or, more simply, with little arcades or with tracery. This representation of the figure as in placid and motionless sleep is perfectly appropriate and right. It has been felt by the best sculptors of our own time to be the most fitting form for memorial statues, and, with the revival of mediæval architecture in Europe, the sarcophagus and effigy have been restored to use. It is hard for modern sculptors to retain the composed stillness of the early statues ; the figure must be less stiff to suit modern notions of gracefulness, and much of the pathos and dignity of the old work is lost when the change is made. Baron Marochetti's statue of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., on the tomb erected to her memory by Queen Victoria, is one of the loveliest portrait statues of modern times ; but, lovely as it is, it is open to the objection that it has too much action for the effigy on a tomb. In some modern tombs in Germany, the carefully modelled statues are made ridiculous because couched upon an elaborate mattress and pillow, and because posed in different attitudes of uneasy sleep.

Many tombs remain to us from the best times of art

without the life-size effigy on the top, but covered with a heavy stone, figured only with a cross and sacred monogram, but having the sides panelled, and each panel filled with sculpture in relief. This plan has also been followed in modern times, in cases where the portrait statue was not to be had, as in the case of soldiers who have died away from home, leaving no sufficient material from which a portrait could be made. But, as we have said above, memorial sculpture will generally be portraiture. No other casting or carving can be so fitting as a likeness of the dead whom we wish to remember and honor.

The tombs of the Scala family at Verona, deservedly celebrated as the most perfect monuments known to us, have the sarcophagus and effigy, as was customary at the time, but also the statue of the dead chief as in life. The figure on the stone coffin is clothed in the long gown of peace, and wears a simple fillet around the head. The sides of the sarcophagus are carved with incidents in the life of the dead man. A noble four-arched canopy, resting on slender shafts, is raised above it, and the arches support a square, steep roof or spire, which is truncated, and bears upon the flat top a small equestrian statue of the chief in his armor of battle. These tombs, or the best two, those of Can Grande and Can Mastino della Scala, are as perfect in design and execution of details as in general feeling, and are models of excellence in monumental work.

It should be observed, though, that these monuments, consisting of the sarcophagus and recumbent

figure, are designed for tombs proper—designed, that is, to be placed over or to contain the body itself. They are not suitable for memorials, merely, to be erected in memory of one who lies elsewhere. There is a certain difficulty in fitting any monumental building, if of the nature of a tomb, to this purpose. No structure yet proposed is as suitable as a life-sized portrait statue, erect or in sitting posture. The difficulty is, of course, to get the statue. The cost may not be an objection. Money can be raised to pay for the noblest figure, in bronze or marble, of McPherson, or Wadsworth, or Stevens, but who is the artist that is to carve it? There are one or two sculptors in the country who have approved ability, and they should be kept busy for the five years to come modelling nothing but portraits, that we may rightly remember our gallant dead. That they should be left to waste their time on fancies and “ideals” proves a radical deficiency somewhere in the glorious laws of supply and demand.

The need of statues of eminent soldiers suggests inevitably the appropriateness to this need of equestrian statues. And in connection with this theme, as the bronze horsemen at Rome, at Venice, and at Padua occur to the mind, the need of some knowledge on the part of our people of what other people have done to honor their illustrious dead becomes evident. Cannot something be done to reproduce by a carefully made cast—as was done for the Sydenham Crystal Palace Company—the great statues of Coleone and Gattamelata? When shall we learn that the way to teach

people art is to show it to them? One great work of art is worth a thousand lectures on art. If the lectures also are good, they will be better when the work of art is present to enforce their doctrine.

Some of the great colleges propose to build memorials to their graduates who have fallen in the war for the national life. It seems that one of these great colleges has put head and heart to the consideration of the matter, for the rational and worthy conclusion is arrived at to build a hall for her living alumni in honor of the dead. A good building thus serving each present generation, and full of memories of a past generation of heroes ; greeting every graduate who enters to share in literary or social festivity with welcome from a noble past ; holding up, within and without, the names, to honor, of good men and true, who have gone before—such a building would certainly be better than any huge pile erected to memory only. But it must be a good building. It must be a noble building. Every memorial must have these two characteristics, or it is worthless ; it must be rich and ornamental, and even profusely decorated ; and it must be built to last forever. A plain building, well fitted to its purpose, and intelligently designed, such as would make a good alumni hall, would not serve for a memorial. There must be the evidences of lavish expense of money, all well spent indeed, but also *freely* spent, of beauty sought for itself, and ornament loved for its own sake, and used to dignify the building. Then there must be durability ; of course no public monument is to be allowed to rival

those wooden head-boards which are still set up in German village grave-yards ; the Harvard memorial should stand as firmly as Bunker Hill Monument itself.

Another of the great colleges desires and hopes to build a new and worthy chapel, and it is proposed to add to the plan of such a chapel some cloister or ante-chapel which shall afford a place for private memorials, tablets, memorial windows, and mural monuments. There is the same requirement here of heavy cost to make a worthy building, and this is true to even a greater extent than in the former case, for this church and memorial combines in itself the most honorable functions of a building.

In another case a *campanile* has been proposed, a tall tower within which a gradual stairway or inclined plane should ascend continually from base to summit—those who have ascended the great bell-tower of St. Mark, in Venice Square, will remember the slow ascent to the belfry chamber—the walls of the stairway to be incrustated with the tablets in memory of the dead. And other forms of building have been and will be proposed. We return to our first request, and ask the American people to think a little of all these things, and see to it that their willingly-given money shall be well spent. No afterthought will avail.

OUR LOVE OF LUXURY.

MANY republicans are apt to think the free spending of money one of the essential attributes of royalty. The fact is, however, that in this age wild and reckless expenditure, without rhyme or reason in it, is now more frequently seen in republican circles than in royal or aristocratic ones. Until within the last forty years the wealthiest class in the greater portion of the civilized world has always been the landholding class, and one of the peculiarities of this class has been the uniformity and even monotony of the lives of its members. Their income was generally fixed or varied very slightly from year to year. They were exposed to no striking or extraordinary vicissitudes ; most of the calamities which afflicted other people, except wars and revolutions, did not affect them. The calm of their existence and the certainty and invariability of their revenues were, of course, very favorable to the formation of fixed habits, of fixed ways of dressing, eating, going about, and spending money, which naturally came down from generation to generation. The result was that they were not on the whole, an extravagant class. They

have in most countries become impoverished, but only in one or two, Ireland and Poland, through sheer waste of money. In others they have been borne down by political troubles, and by the difficulty of providing for the younger members of families, owing to their rigid exclusion from the privilege of earning their own bread by any kind of honest labor except military service. Everything considered, we believe that the landed aristocracy of old countries would be found to have been on the whole a careful, prudent, and thrifty body of persons, resisting the influences of idleness, of imperfect education, and the temptation to display as a means of impressing "the lower orders" with great persistence and, on the whole, great success.

It has, however, ceased to be the richest class of the community. The English lord or Russian prince is no longer the fat goose which the Continental hotel-keepers long for and love to pluck. The animal now generally presents himself in the shape of an American or English cotton-spinner or contractor or inventor or trader. But then the rich European of the commercial class is a good deal influenced in his mode of spending his money by the example of his aristocratic neighbors. Of late years the landed aristocracy, finding they were ceasing to be the richest portion of the community, and that in mere external display, whether of equipages or clothes or furniture or plate, large numbers of people who have made their money in trade find no difficulty in outshining them, have affected great sobriety in all these particulars. A duke's carriage and harness are

now pretty sure to be amongst the plainest to be seen in any crowd of equipages ; and the duke himself, instead of going about in pink or blue satin, belaced, beruffled, and bespangled as his great-grandfather did, is probably one of the most quietly dressed men to be seen in street or park.

Of course this influence of the aristocracy of birth is only an imperfect one ; on the Continent particularly, where the line between the nobles and bourgeoisie is strongly drawn and cannot be rubbed out even by wealth, it is very imperfect, but still it exists. Moreover, it is so difficult in the Old World to make a large fortune that very few men do it without undergoing a good deal of discipline and chastening in the process, and without having their imaginations tamed, their desires cooled, and their nerves a little shaken, so that when they reach the summit of their ambition they are apt to be willing enough to sit down and live as they have always lived. In America, however, men reach great wealth every year in the full vigor of their powers, without having any models before their eyes for imitation, and without having lost on the way a particle of their energy, and with an untamable desire to "enjoy their money." This is generally no easy matter, and the devices by which they seek to extract pleasure from "the pile" are amongst the most amusing and singular phenomena of our time, and it is the oddity of these devices, particularly as practised in this city, and the somewhat lavish expenditure of money by Americans travelling in Europe, which have created

and spread abroad the notion so prevalent both here and abroad that Americans are a wildly extravagant people. This impression is strengthened, too, by the dismal outcry of one of our leading newspapers every year over the enormous amount we spend in "foreign luxuries," silks, wines, and so forth, and the sapient assertion which it makes year after year that we are running in debt to Europe for them.

Now the fact is that, judged by the only rational test of economy, the difference between income and expenditure, the Americans are the most economical people in the world. There is a popular fallacy that extravagance in living is good for trade, and that the poor are helped by rich men's spending a good deal in food and drink and clothes and plate. Every cent spent in any of these things is, however, on the contrary, subtracted from the national capital, as if not spent in this way it would, if left in bank or invested, be used in employing productive labor. But it is also a fallacy to suppose that the nation as a whole spends more in luxuries than it can afford to spend. When wiseacres run down to the Custom-House, examine the tables of imports, and come back wringing their hands over the general extravagance, they forget that, although silks and satins are imported or manufactured in bales and boxes, they are intended to be cut up into single dresses, and are bought by individual women who, as a general rule, know how much they can afford to lay out on such things, and lay out this and no more. At the bottom of two-thirds of the lamentations we hear

about the luxury of the times there is the feeling that nearly everybody is living beyond his means. The truth is there is hardly anybody who does not live within his means. Political economists have called man "an exchanging animal;" they might with almost as much accuracy call him a saving animal. It needs very little reflection to see that if the majority of people, or any but a very small minority, spent more than, or even as much as, they earned, the growth of wealth in every country would cease altogether, and not only this, but positive decline would soon begin. Every house and church and bridge and road and aqueduct and work of art and ornament and book in the United States is due to the general habit of saving something out of the yearly income. The enormous increase in the total wealth of the country which is recorded in each census report is due to the same cause. In fact, there is nothing which people do more generally, more zealously, more eagerly, and more anxiously, than save; there is no instinct in human nature, except the parental instinct, stronger than the instinct of accumulation. Therefore, when we take up the Custom-House returns, and read that this year and last year we bought an enormous quantity of champagne and diamonds and lace and silks and pictures, it is very absurd to rush to the conclusion that we are ruining ourselves and getting these things on credit. These things are brought over for the use of separate families, and these families will not, as a general rule, spend one cent more on them than their income allows them to spend, after meeting

all debts, dues, and demands and making a comfortable provision for the future. We should never think of walking into Stewart's store on Broadway and rebuking the ladies we saw there buying expensive dresses, on the ground that they were purchasing things they could not afford ; and yet this would be the same folly, on a smaller scale, of which an editor is guilty when he berates the nation at large on this ground for purchasing "foreign luxuries." The process which is witnessed every day at Stewart's is going on in every other town and village. Men and women who find that they have money to spare, go and spend it in the nearest store on dress or jewellery or food, which they do not absolutely need, but which they do not choose to do without. However, let business become "dull," or, in other words, incomes diminish, and forthwith a great portion of the outlay ceases. The mass of people, not being "born naturals," on seeing their surplus dwindle, begin to save more zealously than ever, and cut off all superfluous outgo. Gentlemen who write moral articles on luxury in the newspapers flatter themselves that their warnings are necessary to bring about this result. This is a mistake. People save in hard times without hints from the newspapers, just as naturally as they put up their umbrellas when it begins to rain. When they begin to retrench, of course the sale of luxuries begins to fall off and importers cease to import. Some importers, of course, are pretty sure to be caught with a large stock on hand ; but this is the result of their own imprudence or want of foresight.

We always read the newspaper lamentations over the popular appetite for "foreign luxuries" with very much the same feeling that we read the Pope's curses of modern literature and science, and consider them, if we may be allowed to use the poor man's comment on cabbage as an article of food, as "filling at the money." They take up space in a harmless way, which in these days of "enterprise" and "special despatches" is a great thing. People will buy luxuries whenever they have the money to spare in spite of the newspapers. Certainly newspaper editors are not the persons to call them to account for it, as they are not, we believe, celebrated for their ascetic temperament, and in most countries are not found to "lag behind the age," as the phrase is, in pursuit of material comfort. Clergymen might preach on the subject with a better grace, as their congregations seem to enjoy confining them to plain living—we presume with the desire of having in every parish at least one model of Christian simplicity. But both editors and clergymen have preached and will always preach in vain. The love of luxury, that is, of the things which, at any particular period, or in any particular country, are not considered necessary to health or comfort, has always existed and always will exist, and is one of the great springs of human progress. Besides, luxury is a relative term. No such thing as absolute luxury has as yet been discovered; and the luxuries of one generation become the necessities of the next, and the luxuries of one country are the necessities of another. In the Middle Ages night-

shirts were looked on as a silly piece of extravagance, and people of all ranks and classes from the king down slept in the simple costume in which they were born. We have no doubt that when night-gowns began to come into vogue people were accused of running in debt for them to foreigners. In Queen Elizabeth's time the owner of the plainest ingrain carpet, such as may now be found in the house of every American mechanic, would have been looked upon as an extravagant dog, unless he were a great noble, in which case he would probably have excited the Queen's jealousy and been put in the Tower. Over the greater part of the world, to this day, the spectacle of a man's brushing his teeth will draw as large a crowd as the district will afford, and excite amusement and disgust in about equal proportions. In most parts of Turkey, taking sugar habitually in his coffee would be considered, in the case of a person of moderate means, a sign of riotous living. What is now considered very poor claret would in the fifteenth century have been pronounced a royal drink, and we have no doubt whatever that the delicious "Greek wine" which the Jews used to serve out in their back parlors out of "curious silver goblets" to knights trying to raise a loan was execrable stuff. A bath-tub, which most people of intelligence now think a necessity, is in many parts of the world, and even in many circles in highly civilized countries, looked on as a kind of gewgaw for the use of men and women who have little to do. Tea and coffee were very idle and injurious luxuries little more

than a century ago. We might extend this catalogue indefinitely. There is, of course, much to be said against the expenditure of money in champagne and diamonds, as there is against all gratification of the palate and personal ornamentation. The only thing that can be said for it is that it gives pleasure.

Whether it is well for people, even for those who have money to spare, to spend money in luxuries, is a question which has been discussed for four or five thousand years. In the ancient world luxury was the horror of the philosophers, and in the earlier ages of Christianity it was the horror of the fathers of the Church, whose indignation never glowed with so fierce a flame as when they denounced it. It is becoming the fashion in our day to think that both were mistaken; but we confess we do not think they were. In the ancient world both moral and intellectual culture were in so low a stage that luxury almost always assumed the form of gross sensual and selfish indulgence, which was gratified at any cost of suffering to others, and there was hardly any wealth which was not the result either of plunder or unrequited toil. Whenever any community of that age grew in wealth, it was almost always as the result of conquest; and the pleasures of the great were apt to bear a very strong resemblance to the orgies of a bandit's cave. And we do not deny that luxury in our own day, in any community or set or circle which has not been prepared by moral and intellectual culture to place a just value on merely material comfort, and to make it what it should always

be, the accompaniment or casing merely of more subtle, more refined, and more lasting enjoyment, is apt to be about as repulsive as luxury in the days of Sardanapalus or Lucullus. There are circles in Paris and in this city of New York whose pleasures, if they were not surrounded and held in check by a Christian public opinion, would become as animal, and would display as little evidence of sentiment or taste, as any which disgraced the Lower Empire. But then to the luxury to which the great mass of the people both here and in Europe treat themselves, and to the measure in which they enjoy it, no just objection can be made. The end of labor and of economy and of art and science is human enjoyment. If we saved for the mere purpose of heaping up dollars, our industry and forethought, in their moral and social aspects, would be in no respect superior to those of the beaver or the squirrel. We save that we may enjoy—that we may have the means of gratifying all innocent tastes and desires, for the delight of our senses, within the limits prescribed by religion and morality. It is, in fact, to the love of luxury that we owe nearly all our progress in civilization. It is it which keeps art and invention alive and busy, and gives each generation nearly every material advance on its predecessor; for it must not be forgotten that the luxuries of one age are the necessities of the next. If we destroyed it, we should destroy what is in our day and generation, and must have been in all times of progress, the great spring of human activity.

"A PLEA FOR CULTURE."

A RECENT number of the "Atlantic Monthly" contained, under the above title, a strong argument from the pen of Mr. T. W. Higginson in favor of the creation, by some means, of an educated class amongst us, to be the guardian of the traditions and feelings and aspirations of high culture, and the diffuser of an atmosphere of thought and study—a kind of barrier, too, against the growing materialism of the time, the growing tendency to estimate the value of everything in dollars and cents, and to despise or shirk all discipline of mind or body which does not promise a speedy return in hard cash. The absence of this class, and the apparent failure of the universities to hold out even any promise of it, and of society to appreciate it or call for it, furnish to most cultivated Americans a standing theme for lamentation. But an excellent illustration of the very small extent to which Congress shares in these regrets or longings has just been furnished by the action of the Senate in passing the Tariff bill with an *ad valorem* duty of 35 per cent. on all English books printed since 1840. The publishers, we are told, not

satisfied with this, are endeavoring to have the duty changed in the House to thirty cents a pound, and have got the Committee of Ways and Means to clap on ten cents a pound on all English books printed prior to 1850, and twenty-five cents a pound on all books printed since then.

Now in legislation of this kind, of course the interests of the public—of the men and women and children of the country—are generally disregarded. The class interested in having books made scarce and dear—if it be not an absurdity to say this of any class in a community like ours—is, as compared to the total population, of course exceedingly small. It will astonish many people to learn that the whole number of persons in the United States, male and female, engaged in paper-making, printing, type and stereotype founding, printing-press making, in making bookbinders' tools, in bookbinding and publishing, was, in 1860, 37,723. The sole reason for the existence of this class, its sole use, is to furnish the remaining thirty millions with the means of acquiring knowledge with the least possible expenditure of time and money. That the people of this country shall acquire knowledge easily is of paramount importance. Compared with the question of education all other questions of our time sink into insignificance. Except man's destiny in the world to come, we know of no theme of such tremendous moment as the cultivation of his mental powers in this. Suppose all our publishers, printers, and bookbinders in the United States swept into the sea to-morrow, we

should have to deplore the loss of many most respectable and most useful citizens, but in a few months we might get thirty thousand other book manufacturers, not perhaps as good as they, but good enough for the time being. But whatever makes it difficult or impossible for any considerable number of the people to cultivate any field of knowledge is an injury to society of which the effects are incalculable and last through generations.

It would be better for the nation, we say deliberately, to settle large pensions on every paper-maker, printer, and publisher in the country, than have ten poor men forced to deny themselves a good book or ten scholars forced to limit their purchases. And yet publishers have apparently succeeded in impressing Congress with the idea that the use of books is to maintain publishers in comfort, and that authors and readers are mere appendages or ornaments of the great bookstores, whose wants and wishes are of little importance. In fact, in all that regards the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge, the legislation of the last two Congresses has been little better than might be expected from an assemblage of Goths or Huns dealing with the fading and to them incomprehensible civilization of the fallen empire. They have made books dear in a republic to whose existence and prosperity the habit of reading and thinking is as necessary as light and air to individuals. Of their forgetfulness of the interests of science a fine example has been afforded in the tax on alcohol, which they made so enormous as for a

while completely to arrest in this country all researches in organic chemistry. The heavy internal taxation has raised the price of all books produced and reprinted here ; the duty and high price of gold have all but put a stop to the importation of foreign books. Most of the libraries may be said to have ceased to import them, and very few are now called for except by that exceedingly small band of wealthy men who devote any attention to literature.

Nothing can be more disheartening, we had almost said barbarous, than the indifference of politicians—we do not use the word in any opprobrious sense—to the interests of authors and readers—in other words, of the class who keep civilization alive and make progress, either mental or material, possible. There are very few men in Congress—we cannot name one with confidence except Mr. Sumner—who have kept the interests of literature and science in view during the confused financial legislation of the last four or five years. We have before us a letter from a gentleman, himself an author, who has taken a good deal of interest in the copyright question. In telling us of the results of his efforts to call the attention of some of our legislators to the concern which our writers and thinkers have in all legislation affecting literary property, he says that one orator, not unknown to fame, and who doubtless can spout by the hour on great moral questions, cut short their conversation by saying : "I do not take any interest in the question of authorship, and I do not believe anybody can make me take an interest in it ;"

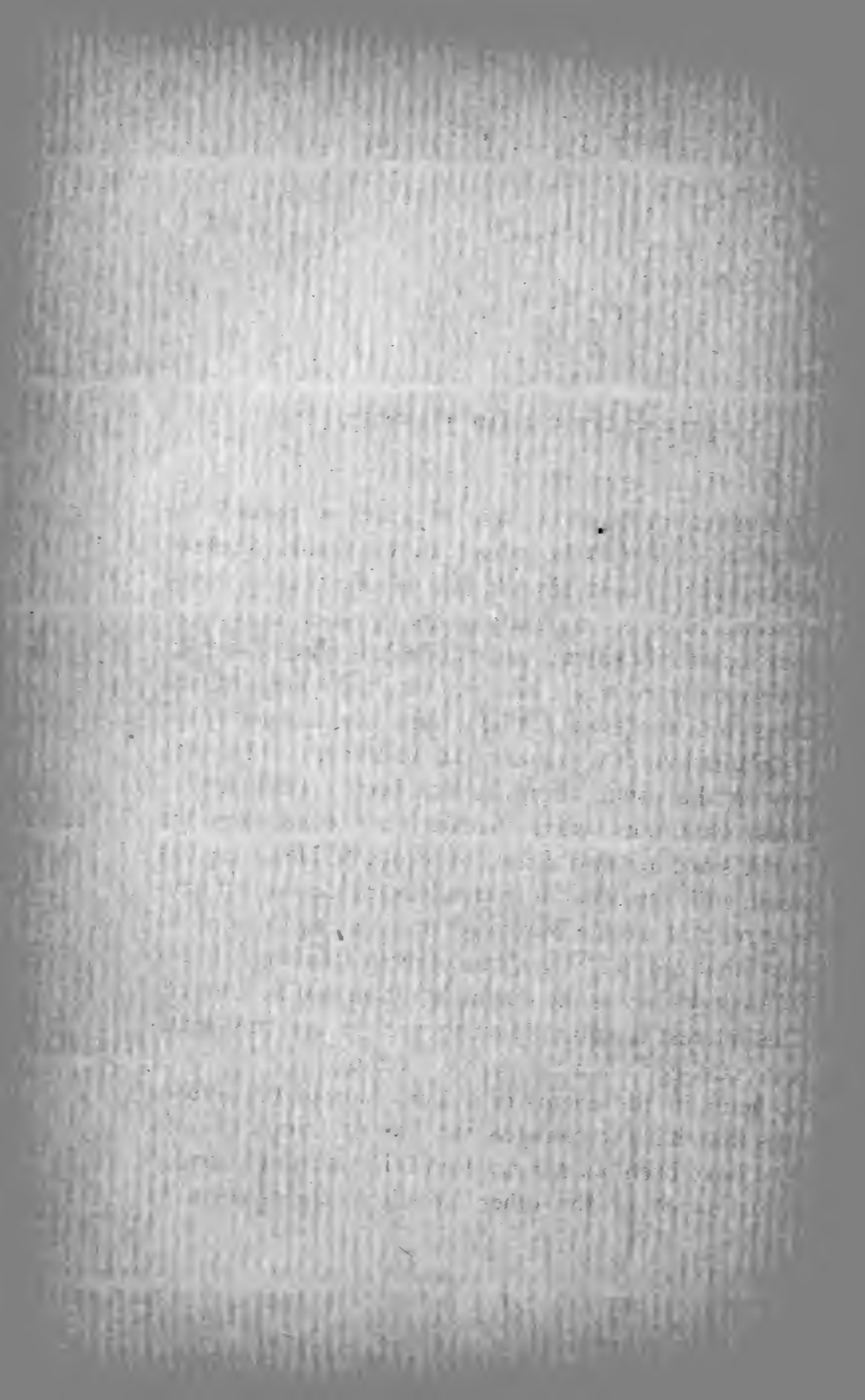
just such a reply as a Gothic warrior of the sixth century might have made to a Roman jurist pleading for a guard for his library in a town captured by the barbarians.

There is a class of books which can be produced, and is produced, just as well in this country as in England, and with regard to which the American author and publisher might, with some decency, ask for protection—we mean school-books, novels, and books of travel. In these particular fields of literature the reading public does not suffer very much from heavy import duties. Any portion of this class of works which is at all valuable American publishers are likely to reprint, or would reprint if the internal revenue system were reformed. Those which they would not reprint, society here would not suffer seriously from never seeing. But there is a large class of books, historical, scientific, legal, politico-economical, and metaphysical, of which the English press is very prolific, either original or translated in London from the French or German, for which there is in America no popular demand, and which therefore publishers do not reprint, and for which no substitute is provided here. It is the product of the higher cultivation of the Old World, and of which it is not only our interest but our duty to avail ourselves, if we mean to maintain our place or win a higher one in civilization. This class of books is mainly sought for by scholars and students, whose means are generally limited, and to the wealthiest of whom an addition of forty or fifty per cent. in the price of books is a serious

matter. The tax gain to the Government from even a light duty on books of this kind would be too small to be worth counting ; the gain from such a duty as is now proposed would be absolutely nothing, for the tax is all but prohibitory. The publishers will not profit by it, for, as we have said, they would not reprint these books, and native authors can hardly produce any books to compete with them, if the word compete can ever be applied in a commercial sense to the efforts made by men of thought and learning to swell the sum of human knowledge.

It cannot be too well understood or too often repeated, however, that the progress of a nation is not kept up simply by the general diffusion of a small degree of education, such as men get in district schools or "pick up" in the spare moments of a busy life. We might all know how to read, write, and cipher, and might all possess a passable acquaintance with what is called "polite literature," and have a high respect for knowledge, and yet settle down for ages in a state in no respect superior to that of the Chinese. The movement of the world towards purer manners and nobler laws ; towards larger liberty, deeper insight ; its growth in faith and hope, and in moral and material power, is due to the labors of a comparatively small number of thinkers. Nearly all great advances in civilization are brought about by the labors of men of high culture and deep thought. They conceive what others execute ; and it is the duty and interest of every nation, even of those who consider material comfort to be the highest

good, to make, by all available means, the labors of its men of science easy and, if possible, pleasant. So far from discouraging them here, there is no country in the world in which they need to be more cherished and encouraged. We could name half a dozen men of letters and of science in this country who are of more value to the nation than double the whole number of booksellers and printers which it now contains, to whose door it would "pay" for the Government to deliver gratis every work of importance that appears in any part of the world. To make it difficult for such men to become acquainted with the result of the labors of their *confrères* in other countries, is to attack civilization itself. Those who suppose, as some Congressmen seem to do, that the newspaper is the only kind of literature that America needs, and that the "reportorial corps," as it calls itself, can supply all the facts that American students need to know, differ less than they imagine from the caliph who burnt the Alexandrian Library on the theory of the all-sufficiency of the Koran.



CURIOSITIES OF LONGEVITY.

EVERYBODY likes to hear of cases of remarkable longevity. Everybody, indeed, affirms that he does not wish to attain to it himself, but nobody that we know of seems to be in any hurry to die in order to avoid it. It is a perfectly natural and laudable feeling, however. A very old person is a kind of living monument of past times ; and this even if it be a slave who had never left his plantation, or a peasant who had lived out his century on the estate where he was born. What revolutions, what wars, what changes have come over the world since he first drew the breath of life ! He has stood still, but what a marvellous procession of personages and events has swept over the earth since he has inhabited it ! One cannot help thinking what a different world was the one he left from that he entered. This interest is naturally much greater and this sentiment stronger when the person exciting them has been an actor in the events or a companion of the personages that have so changed the face of things, or even if he have been but a spectator of the one and a chance acquaintance of the other. Such instances seem to

connect and bring close together points of time which appear to us infinitely distant from each other. There was the Marquis di Manso, for instance, who was the common friend of Tasso and of Milton, though the Italian died more than ten years before the English epic poet was born. It were almost worth one's while to have been dead two hundred years to have had such luck as that. Lady Louisa Stuart, the daughter of the famous Earl of Bute, whom our pre-revolutionary sires used to burn vicariously in the similitude of a *boot*, died since 1850, and actually remembered her grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who died in 1762. She wrote the introductory anecdotes to Lord Wharncliffe's edition of Lady Mary's works. She had seen every celebrity of the last half of the last century, and known most of them, from Johnson down to Dickens and Tennyson, and was the intimate friend and correspondent of Scott, and one of the original depositaries of the secret of the authorship of the Waverley novels.

Rogers, "the bard, the beau, the banker," was almost exactly her contemporary, and must have known many personal acquaintances of Pope, Swift and Guy, and possibly of Addison and Steele. The Berry sisters, who covered about the same period of time with their lives, and who might have been, one or both of them, Dowager Countess of Orford, as the widow of Horace Walpole, for more than fifty years were links connecting the long past with the present, and bringing famous people of more than a century ago almost into contact with the present generation. Then "Queeny"

Thrale, who was Johnson's "plaything often when a child," and his familiar acquaintance as a grown-up young lady, and to whom he gave his blessing on his death-bed, has not been ten years dead yet ; she may have remembered Goldsmith, and certainly knew every other member of the Literary Club and every social and political celebrity of the last ninety years. She was the second wife of the great Admiral Lord Keith.

But the instance of English longevity in the higher ranks which seems to have brought distant points of time nearest together was that of the Dowager Countess of Hardwicke, who died, in 1858, at near a hundred years old. Her father, the Scotch Earl of Balcarras, was "out in the Fifteen" with Lord Derwenter and Forster, and his life was spared through the intercession of the great Duke of Marlborough. There were two lives of father and daughter which covered more than half of this century, all of the last, and ten years or more of the seventeenth ! It is a little odd that a person should have been living eight years ago whose father was strictly a contemporary of the Old Pretender, of Pope and Chesterfield, of Voltaire, and a generation that looks to us as belonging to ancient history. He was, of course, well stricken in years when his daughter was born. But this was not the only curious fact about this longevous dame. Her grandfather was born in 1649, the year distinguished by the lesson in natural history which, according to old Lord Auchinleck, Boswell's father, was taught to kings, viz., that "they have a joint in their necks ;" and when he mar-

ried her grandmother, that most religious king, Charles II., gave away the bride.

Within the last month (February, 1866) a long life came to an end in Boston, breaking one of the last links that connect the present times with those before the Revolution. In June, 1774, Copley, the great portrait-painter, the American Van Dyke, sailed for England in the last ship that left the port of Boston before the oppressive Port Bill which closed it went into effect. His three children, a son and two daughters, accompanied him. Two years ago, all three of these children were alive. A few weeks since, two of them were still living, and one yet survives in England. The son, we need hardly say, was the late Lord Lyndhurst, three times Chancellor, for many years the leader, in the Lords, of the Tory party, and the originator, in his extreme old age, of some of the most important reforms that have ever been made in the English law. He was the Nestor of English statesmen, not only in having survived three generations of breathing men, but in eloquence and in political wisdom, both of which seemed to increase with his years, and were never more marked than when he was on the verge of fourscore and ten. The elder sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Copley Greene, died in Boston, only last year, at the age of ninety-five. This venerable lady closed a life as singularly prosperous and happy as it was long by a death of perfect tranquillity and ease. She furnished one of the rare instances of a life completely rounded, and ceasing from no disease or accident, but

simply and purely because the vital machine had gradually and painlessly worn itself out and stopped. The growing infirmities of age had withdrawn her for some years from general society, of which she naturally stood at the head from her high social position, her dignified, graceful, and charming manners, her animated and varied conversation, and her kindness and friendliness of heart. She was liberal, hospitable, and charitable in the dispensing of a large estate, and discharged all the offices of a responsible position conscientiously and with dignity. She will long be remembered by those who had the privilege of her personal acquaintance as a most interesting example of one who had lived one life, as it were, in the last century, and with a generation which exists to us only in history or tradition, before she had begun another long and various life in this hemisphere.

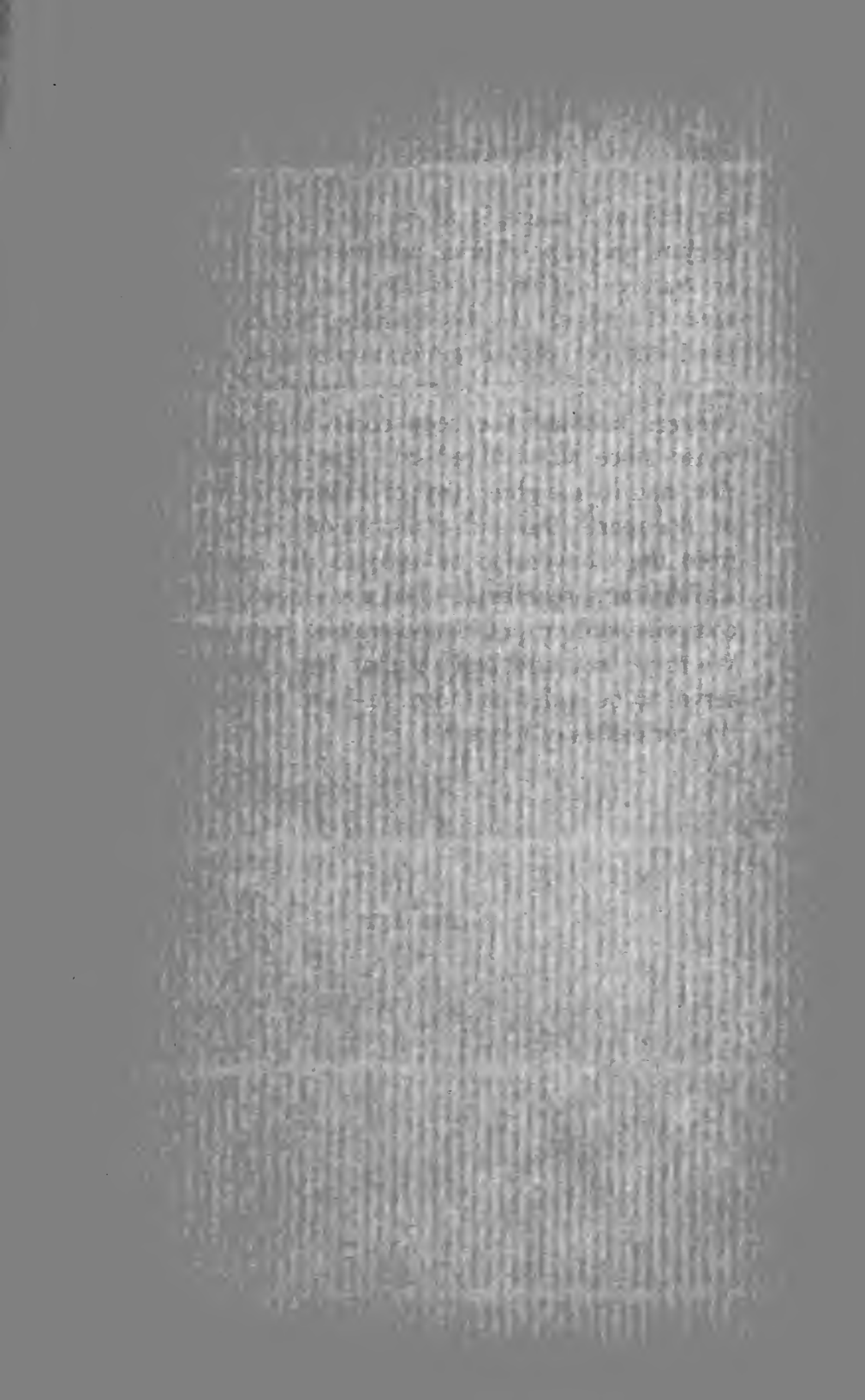
It was odd to sit and talk with one who had known Sir Joshua Reynolds familiarly, not as a child, but as a young lady. Copley and Sir Joshua both lived on Leicester square, which had not then been *mediatized* and reduced to its present dilapidated state. It was a well-reputed place of residence in those days, and its flags were trodden by many a famous visitor of its inhabitants. The families of the president of the Academy and of Copley, one of its chief members, were on terms of familiar intimacy, and Mrs. Greene used to delight to expatiate on the perfect manners and Old World grace of Sir Joshua, and to describe the society she used to meet at his delightful house. From the posi-

tion of her father she had seen all and known many of the chief celebrities of every kind of the last quarter of the last century. She was, perhaps, the last survivor of the spectators of that splendid scene in "the great hall of William Rufus," which Macaulay has painted in such gorgeous coloring—the opening of the impeachment of Warren Hastings—where "were collected together grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art." Of all that splendid audience, it is not likely that a single one is now alive after the lapse of seventy-eight years. To hear an actual eye-witness bear testimony to the truth of the description, and describe the appearance of Burke and Fox and Sheridan in the fore front of the Commons of England as the managers of the impeachment, almost seemed to bring one into personal relations with the scene and the actors, and to make them present to the mind rather as recollections than imaginary presentments. Two days afterwards she heard the great opening speech of Burke, which has passed into literature as an example of eloquence not excelled in ancient or modern times. Very few persons, if a single one, can be yet living, on whose ears that voice, now silent for all but seventy years, can have ever fallen, and probably not one who heard that crowning triumph of its power. These are things which make one feel that the long past and the present are not separated by sharp divisions, as it is apt to seem to us at a distance, but glide gradually and imperceptibly into one another, kindred drops of one great stream of time.

About the beginning of this century Miss Copley, being then about thirty years of age, married Gardiner Greene, of Boston, a man of large fortune and a gentleman of the old school of finished courtesy and perfect politeness. Here another life of some sixty-five years was past. Her residence for about the half of it was in one of those old pre-revolutionary houses, built and its accompaniments laid out before land was sold by the square foot. Such were to be found in all our large cities forty years ago, and especially in Boston, before the ruthless hand of improvement had swept them out of its way. The tradition is, that it was the quarters for a portion of the time of the siege of Boston, at least, of Earl Percy, and it was certainly occupied by Mrs. Hayley, the sister of John Wilkes, whose lot was cast in some way inexplicable by us upon Boston for a while. It stood on the slope of one of the three hills which gave Boston its second title of Trimountain, and was approached by flights of steps through a spacious "front yard." The garden behind the house was terraced to the top of the hill, which was crowned by large forest trees—English elms, if we recollect aright. Here it abutted upon other gardens on the other slopes of the hill. It was a unique place, with "no second and no third" like unto it that we know of in any city. It should have been bought by the city and preserved as a pleasure-ground for the people. But aldermen are not æsthetic in their ideas, and the speculators stepped in and it all soon vanished out of sight. They had faith sufficient to remove the

fair hill and cause it to be cast into the sea, and to conjure up heaps of brick and mortar in its place. We are happy to believe, however, that the speculation was a very bad one. In this charming abode Miss Copley lived out her second generation of men, with another thirty years to spare before her summons came. What changes had she not seen come over the face of the world since she entered it! The American Revolution, and its daughter, that of France, the whole career of Bonaparte, the entire history of the United States, from the Convention of 1787 to the crushing of the slaveholders' rebellion! Did any ninety-five years ever comprise more eventful and fruitful history than hers? We think not, and believe that her example well deserves to be added to those we have related as one of the curiosities of longevity.

THE END.



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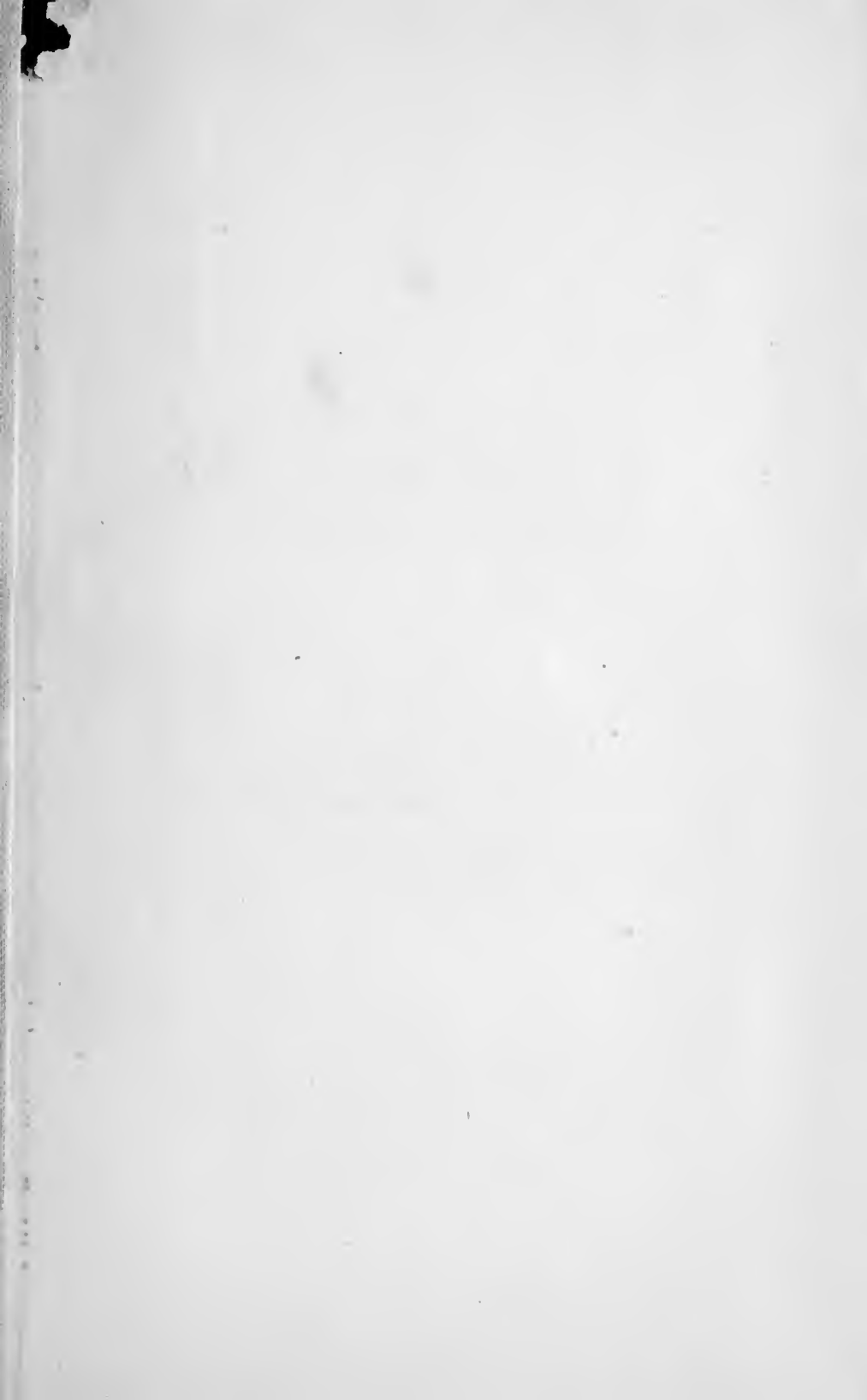
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